







THE HIGH SCHOOL PRIZE SPEAKER

EDITED BY

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PREFACE

THIS is a collection of literary selections which have taken prizes at the J. Murray Kay Prize-Speaking Contest held annually for the last quarter of a century at the Brookline High School, together with other selections of equal merit which on these occasions have either won honorable mention or been received with especial favor by the audience.

The interest which Mr. Kay took in establishing and maintaining these contests set a high standard of excellence, and no pains were spared by the school to make the selections and their interpretation the best possible. The committee of the faculty which guided the contestants in the choice of suitable pieces insisted first that the selection must be from the work of a good author; for it held that the amount of time spent by teacher and student in preparation for prize-speaking could hardly be justified if the selections themselves possessed little or no literary merit.

The best literature has most fully the latent power to move the hearer, and waits only for the speaker's art to become kinetic. Indeed, this power to grip and hold the audience which is native to our great masterpieces may be felt even when the reading is from the silent page. But prose or poetry which makes no strong appeal to our imagination, convictions, or sympathies, but savors of shallow sentimentalism, is not good literature and fails when put to the test before an audience refined in taste and critical in judgment.

Moreover, prize-speaking is properly a phase of the work of the English department, and therefore there cannot consistently be one literary standard for the classroom and another for the platform. The community judges a school and its work more or less by its public exhibitions. Unless care be exercised in choosing selections from the best literature, the performance is not likely to be eminently successful, the English department is open to criticism, and the reputation of the school suffers.

The task of finding choice selections which are in themselves suitable for public entertainment is, however, a small part of the work which such exercises impose upon teachers. The success of the performance is not more dependent upon the intrinsic worth of the selections than upon the skillful choice of a piece to fit the peculiar abilities and characteristics of each speaker. A well-varied program is not only desirable for the hearer; it is essential for the participants in the attainment of the greatest individual success. One boy reaches his highest excellence with a plea, an invective, or other oration; another may better choose a dramatic narrative; while a third may be best fitted to interpret a selection where the appeal lies in its pathos or humor. There are girls who are naturally most effective in the child's rôle, while others who have not the childish charm can thrill an audience by their power to depict stirring scenes and spirited action. The selections in this book meet this need of variety. They have proved themselves adapted to those types of temperament and personality which boys and girls of high-school age present.

In the preliminary trials for the J. Murray Kay contests each of the speakers is assigned an adviser from

the committee, and is urged to make his own selection from a number suggested by the adviser or submitted by the student. Never are the pieces arbitrarily chosen for the contestants. For if a selection does not appeal to the student, experience proves that it is not wise to urge it upon him, however excellent in itself it may be. The committee are thereby the better enabled to judge what each can do, to prevent misfits in the final competition, and to secure for the audience an interesting program.

In view of the favor with which these programs through the years have been received by able judges and a critical public, it has seemed worth while to gather within the covers of a single book the prize-winning pieces, together with some others that gave equal pleasure to hearers and won honorable mention from the judges.

To teachers who insist that the work of the Elocution and English departments be well correlated and that they coöperate toward common ends, this book may prove serviceable; for herein are many standard selections that are old but not hackneyed, and also new material worthy to take its place by the side of the familiar.

Teachers in secondary schools often spend long hours in hunting for choice selections suitable for public recital. The number of such is increasing since more and more high schools and academies are having prize-speaking contests as established yearly events. It is hoped that this book may shorten the quest of these teachers, for its contents not only stand the test of literary criticism, as may be seen from a glance at the list of authors, but also are suited to pupils of high-school age, and make a strong appeal to popular

interest and sympathy, covering as they do a wide range of thought and emotion.

We take this opportunity to express our grateful thanks to the authors and publishers who have courteously permitted us to use their publications. Due acknowledgment is made in a footnote in each case, as their copyright selections appear in the book.

WILLIAM LEONARD SNOW.

THE HIGH SCHOOL, BROOKLINE, MASS.

May 16, 1916.

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THE HIGH SCHOOL PRIZE SPEAKER

THE LAST LESSON¹

A YOUNG ALSATIAN'S NARRATIVE

ALPHONSE DAUDET

THAT morning it was quite late before I started for school, and I was terribly afraid I should be scolded, for Monsieur Hamel had told us that he would question us upon participles, and I did not know the first thing about them.

I counted upon making my entrance in the midst of the usual babel at the beginning of the session, and reaching my seat unobserved, but upon this particular morning all was hushed. Sabbath stillness reigned. Through the open window I could see that my comrades had already taken their seats; I could see Monsieur Hamel himself, passing back and forth, his formidable iron ruler under his arm.

I must open that door. I must enter in the midst of that deep silence. I need not tell you that I grew red in the face, and terror seized me.

But, strangely enough, as Monsieur Hamel scrutinized me, there was no anger in his gaze. He said very gently, —

“Take your seat quickly, my little Franz. We were going to begin without you.”

¹ From “Monday Tales,” translated by Marian McIntyre. By permission of the publishers, Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

I climbed over the bench, and seated myself. But when I had recovered a little from my fright, I noticed that our master had donned his beautiful green frock-coat, his finest frilled shirt, and his embroidered black silk *calotte*, which he wore only on inspection days, or upon those occasions when prizes were distributed. Moreover, an extraordinary solemnity had taken possession of my classmates. But the greatest surprise of all came when my eye fell upon the benches at the farther end of the room. Usually they were empty, but upon this morning the villagers were seated there, solemn as ourselves. There sat old Hauser, with his three-cornered hat, there sat the venerable mayor, the aged carrier, and other personages of importance. All of our visitors seemed sad, and Hauser had brought with him an old primer, chewed at the edges. It lay wide open on his knees, his big spectacles reposing on the page.

While I was wondering at all these things, Monsieur Hamel had taken his seat, and in the same grave and gentle tone in which he had greeted me, he said to us, —

“My children, this is the last day I shall teach you. The order has come from Berlin that henceforth in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine all instruction shall be given in the German tongue only. Your new master will arrive to-morrow. To-day you hear the last lesson you will receive in French, and I beg you will be most attentive.”

My “last” French lesson! And I scarcely knew how to write! Now I should never learn. My education must be cut short. How I grudged at that moment every minute I had lost, every lesson I had missed! And those books which a moment before

were so dry and dull, so heavy to carry, seemed now to wear the faces of old friends, whom I could not bear to bid farewell. It was with them as with Monsieur Hamel: the thought that he was about to leave, that I should see him no more, made me forget all the blows of his ruler, and the many punishments I had received.

Poor man! It was in honor of that last session that he was arrayed in his finest Sunday garb, and now I began to understand why the villagers had gathered at the back of the class-room: it was their way of telling our master they thanked him for his forty years of faithful service, and desired to pay their respects to the land whose empire was departing.

I was busied with these reflections when I heard my name called. It was now my turn to recite. Ah! what would I not have given then, had I been able to repeat from beginning to end that famous rule for the use of participles loudly, distinctly, and without a single mistake; but I became entangled in the first few words, and remained standing at my seat, swinging from side to side, my heart swelling. I dared not raise my head. Monsieur Hamel was addressing me.

"I shall not chide thee, my little Franz; thy punishment will be great enough. So it is! We say to ourselves each day, 'Bah! I have time enough. I will learn to-morrow.' And now see what results. Ah, it has ever been the greatest misfortune of our Alsace that she was willing to put off learning till to-morrow! And now these foreigners can say to us, and justly, 'What! you profess to be Frenchmen, and can neither speak nor write your own language?' And in all this, my poor Franz, you are not the chief culprit. Each of us has something to reproach himself with.

“Your parents have not shown enough anxiety about having you educated. They preferred to see you spinning, or tilling the soil, since that brought them in a few more sous. And have I nothing with which to reproach myself? Did I not often send you to water my garden when you should have been at your tasks? And if I wished to go trout-fishing, was my conscience in the least disturbed when I gave you a holiday?”

One topic leading to another, Monsieur Hamel began to speak of the French language, saying it was the strongest, clearest, most beautiful language in the world, which we must keep as our heritage, never allowing it to be forgotten, telling us that when a nation has become enslaved, she holds the key which shall unlock her prison as long as she preserves her native tongue.

This lesson was followed by writing. For this occasion Monsieur Hamel had prepared some copies that were entirely new, and upon these were written in a beautiful round hand: “*France, Alsace! France, Alsace!*”

These words were as inspiring as the sight of the tiny flags attached to the rod of our desks. It was good to see how each one applied himself, and how silent it was! Not a sound save the scratching of pens as they touched our papers.

From time to time, looking up from my page, I saw Monsieur Hamel, motionless in his chair, his eyes riveted upon each object about him, as if he desired to fix in his mind, and forever, every detail of his little school. Remember that for forty years he had been constantly at his post, in that very school-room, facing the same playground. Little had changed. The desks and benches were polished and worn, through

long use; the walnut-trees in the playground had grown taller; and the hop-vine he himself had planted curled its tendrils about the windows, running even to the roof. What anguish must have filled the poor man's heart, as he thought of leaving all these things! For on the morrow he was to leave the country, never to return. Nevertheless his courage did not falter; not a single lesson was omitted. After writing came history, and then the little ones sang their "Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu," together. Old Hauser, at the back of the room, had put on his spectacles, and, holding his primer in both hands, was spelling out the letters with the little ones. He too was absorbed in his task; his voice trembled with emotion, and it was so comical to hear him that we all wanted to laugh and to cry at the same moment. Ah! never shall I forget that last lesson!

Suddenly the church-clock struck twelve, and then the Angelus was heard.

At the same moment, a trumpet-blast under our window announced that the Prussians were returning from drill. Monsieur Hamel rose in his chair. He was very pale, but never before had he seemed to me so tall as at that moment.

"My friends —" he said, "my friends — I — I —"

But something choked him. He could not finish.

Then he took a piece of chalk, and grasping it with all his strength, wrote in his largest hand, —

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

He remained standing at the blackboard, his head resting against the wall. He did not speak again, but a motion of his hand said to us, —

"That is all. You are dismissed."

COMMENCEMENT

SARAH WINTER KELLOGG

It was Commencement at one of our colleges. On the very front row I found a seat next to a little girl who moved along to make room for me.

"There's going to be a great crowd," she said to me.

"Yes," I replied; "people always like to see how school-boys are made into men."

Her face beamed with pleasure and pride as she said:—

"My brother's going to graduate; he's going to speak; I've brought these flowers to throw to him."

They were not greenhouse favorites; just old-fashioned, domestic flowers, such as we associate with the dear grandmothers; "but," I thought, "they will seem sweet and beautiful to him for his little sister's sake."

"That is my brother," she went on, pointing with her nosegay.

"The one with the light hair?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she said, smiling and shaking her head in innocent reproof; "not that homely one; that handsome one with brown, wavy hair. There! he's got his hand up to his head now. You see him, don't you?"

In an eager way she looked from me to him, and from him to me, as if some important fate depended upon my identifying her brother.

"I see him," I said. "He's a very good-looking brother."

"Yes, he is beautiful," she said, with artless delight; "and he's so good, and he studies so hard! He has taken care of me ever since mamma died. Here is his name on the program. He is not the valedictorian, but he has an honor, for all that.

"His oration is a real good one, and he says it beautifully. He has said it to me a great many times. I'most know it by heart. Oh! it begins so pretty and so grand. This is the way it begins," she added, encouraged by the interest she must have seen in my face: "'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand —'"

"Why, bless the baby!" I thought, looking down into her bright, proud face. I can't describe how very odd and elfish it did seem to have those sonorous words rolling out of the smiling, infantile mouth.

As the exercises progressed, and approached nearer and nearer the effort on which all her interest was concentrated, my little friend became excited and restless. Her eyes grew larger and brighter, two deep-red spots glowed on her cheeks.

"Now, it's his turn," she said, turning to me a face in which pride and delight and anxiety seemed about equally mingled.

But when the overture was played through, and his name was called, the child seemed, in her eagerness, to forget me and all the earth beside him. She rose to her feet and leaned forward for a better view of her beloved, as he mounted to the speaker's stand. I knew by her deep breathing that her heart was throbbing in her throat. I knew, too, by the way her brother came up the steps and to the front, that he was trembling.

The hands hung limp; his face was pallid, and the lips blue as with cold. I felt anxious. The child, too, seemed to discern that things were not well with him. Something like fear showed in her face.

He made an automatic bow. Then a bewildered, struggling look came into his face; then a helpless look; and then he stood staring vacantly, like a somnambulist, at the waiting audience. The moments of painful suspense went by, and still he stood as if struck dumb. I saw how it was; he had been seized with stage fright.

Alas, little sister! She turned her large, dismayed eyes upon me. "He's forgotten it," she said.

Then a swift change came into her face; a strong, determined look; and on the funeral-like silence of the room broke the sweet, brave, child-voice:—

"Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand —"

Everybody about us turned and looked. The breathless silence; the sweet, childish voice; the childish face; the long, unchildlike words, produced a weird effect.

But the help had come too late; the unhappy brother was already staggering in humiliation from the stage. The band quickly struck up, and waves of lively music rolled out to cover the defeat.

I gave the little sister a glance in which I meant to show the intense sympathy I felt; but she did not see me. Her eyes, swimming with tears, were on her brother's face. I put my arm around her, but she was too absorbed to heed the caress, and before I could appreciate her purpose, she was on her way to the

shame-stricken young man sitting with a face like a statue's.

When he saw her by his side the set face relaxed, and a quick mist came into his eyes. The young men got closer together to make room for her. She sat down beside him, laid her flowers on his knee, and slipped her hand into his.

I could not keep my eyes from her sweet, pitying face. I saw her whisper to him, he bending a little to catch her words. Later I found out that she was asking him if he knew his "piece" now, and that he answered yes.

When the young man next on the list had spoken, and while the band was playing, the child, to the brother's great surprise, made her way up the stage steps, and pressed through the throng of professors and trustees and distinguished visitors, up to the college president.

"If you please, sir," she said with a little courtesy, "will you and the trustees let my brother try again? He knows his piece now."

For a moment the president stared at her through his gold-bowed spectacles, and then, appreciating the child's petition, he smiled on her, and went down and spoke to the young man who had failed.

So it happened that when the band had again ceased playing, it was briefly announced that Mr. —— would now deliver his oration — "Historical Parallels."

A ripple of heightened and expectant interest passed over the audience, and then all sat stone still, as though fearing to breathe lest the speaker might again take fright. No danger! The hero in the youth was aroused. He went at his "piece" with a set purpose to

conquer, to redeem himself, and to bring the smile back to the child's tear-stained face. I watched the face during the speaking. The wide eyes, the parted lips, the whole rapt being said that the breathless audience was forgotten, that her spirit was moving with his.

And when the address was ended, with the ardent *abandon* of one who catches enthusiasm in the realization that he is fighting down a wrong judgment and conquering a sympathy, the effect was really thrilling. That dignified audience broke into rapturous applause ; bouquets intended for the valedictorian rained like a tempest. And the child who had helped to save the day — that one beaming little face, in its pride and gladness, is something to be forever remembered.

A TROOP OF THE GUARD RIDES FORTH TO-DAY¹

HERMANN HAGEDORN

THERE 's trampling of hoofs in the busy street,
There 's clanking of sabers on floor and stair,
There 's sound of restless, hurrying feet,
Of voices that whisper; of lips that entreat,
Will they live, will they die, will they strive, will
they dare?

The houses are garlanded, flags flutter gay,
For a Troop of the Guard rides forth to-day.

Oh, the troopers will ride and their hearts will leap,
When it's shoulder to shoulder and friend to
friend —

But it's some to the pinnacle, some to the deep,
And some in the glow of their strength to sleep,
And for all its a fight to the tale's far end.
And it's each to his goal, nor turn nor sway,
When the Troop of the Guard rides forth to-day.

The dawn is upon us, the pale light speeds
To the zenith with glamour and golden dart.
On, up! Boot and saddle! Give spurs to your steeds!
There's a city beleaguered that cries for men's deeds,
With the pain of the world in its cavernous heart.
Ours be the triumph! Humanity calls!
Life's not a dream in the clover!
On to the walls, on to the walls,
On to the walls, and over!

¹ Class-poem read before the Graduating Class of Harvard College,
June 21, 1907.

The wine is spent, the tale is spun,
 The revelry of youth is done.
 The horses prance, the bridles clink,
 While maidens fair in bright array
 With us the last sweet goblet drink,
 Then bid us, "Mount and away!"

Into the dawn, we ride, we ride,
 Fellow and fellow, side by side;
 Galloping over the field and hill,
 Over the marshland, stalwart still,
 Into the forest's shadowy hush,
 Where specters walk in sunless day,
 And in dark pool and branch and bush
 The treacherous will-o'-the-wisp lights play.

Out of the wood 'neath the risen sun,
 Weary we gallop, one and one,
 To a richer hope and a stronger foe
 And a hotter fight in the fields below —
 Each man his own slave, each his lord,
 For the golden spurs and the victor's sword!

An anxious generation sends us forth
 On the far conquest of the thrones of might.
 From west to east, from south to north,
 Earth's children, weary-eyed from too much light,
 Cry from their dream-forsaken vales of pain,
 "Give us our gods, give us our gods again!"
 A lofty and relentless century,
 Gazing with Argus eyes,
 Has pierced the very inmost halls of faith;
 And left no shelter whither man may flee
 From the cold storms of night and lovelessness
 and death.

Old gods have fallen and the new must rise!

Out of the dust of doubt and broken creeds,
The sons of those who cast men's idols low
Must build up for a hungry people's needs
New gods, new hopes, new strength to toil and grow ;
Knowing that nought that ever lived can die, —
No act, no dream but spreads its sails, sublime,
Sweeping across the visible seas of time
Into the treasure-haven of eternity.

The portals are open, the white road leads

Through thicket and garden, o'er stone and sod.
On, up! Boot and saddle! Give spurs to your steeds!
There's a city beleaguered that cries for men's deeds,
For the faith that is strength and the love that is
God!

On through the dawning! Humanity calls!

Life's not a dream in the clover!

On to the walls, on to the walls,

On to the walls and over!

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A LADY¹

MYRA KELLY

IT was the week before Christmas, and the First-Reader Class had, almost to a man, decided on the gifts to be lavished on "Teacher." But Morris Mogilewsky, whose love for Teacher was far greater than the combined loves of all the other children, had as yet no present to bestow. The knowledge saddened all his hours and was the more maddening because it could in no wise be shared by Teacher, who noticed his altered bearing and tried with all sorts of artful beguilements to make him happy and at ease. But her efforts served only to increase his unhappiness and his love. And he loved her! Oh, how he loved her! Since first his dreading eyes had clung for a breath's space to her "like man's shoes" and had then crept timidly up to her "light face," she had been mistress of his heart of hearts. That was more than three months ago. And well he remembered the day!

His mother had washed him horribly, and had taken him into the big, red school-house, so familiar from the outside, but so full of unknown terrors within.

He was then dragged through long halls and up tall stairs by a large boy, who spoke to him disdainfully as "greenie," so that his spirit was quite broken and his nerves were all unstrung when he was pushed

¹ From "Little Citizens." By permission of Doubleday, Page & Co., N.Y.

into a room full of bright sunshine and of children who laughed at his frightened little face. The sunshine smote his timid eyes, the laughter smote his timid heart, and he turned to flee. But the door was shut, the large boy gone, and despair took him for its own.

Down upon the floor he dropped, and wailed, and wept, and kicked. It was then that he heard, for the first time, the voice which now he loved.

“Why, my dear little chap, you must n’t cry like that. What’s the matter?”

The hand was gentle and the question kind, and these, combined with a faint perfume suggestive of drug-stores and barber-shops, — but nicer than either, — made him uncover his hot little face. Kneeling beside him was a lady, and he forced his eyes to that perilous ascent; from shoes to skirt, from skirt to jumper, from jumper to face, they trailed in dread uncertainty, but at the face they stopped. They had found — rest.

Morris allowed himself to be gathered in to the lady’s arms, and held upon her knee, and when his sobs no longer rent the very foundations of his pink and wide-spread tie, he answered her question in a voice as soft as his eyes, and as gently sad.

“I ain’t so big, und I don’t know where is my mamma.”

Thereafter he had been the first to arrive every morning, and the last to leave every afternoon; and under the care of Teacher, his liege lady, he had grown in wisdom and love and happiness. But the greatest of these was love. And now, when the other boys and girls were planning surprises and gifts of price for Teacher, his hands were as empty as his

heart was full. Appeal to his mother met with denial prompt and energetic.

"For what you go und make, over Christmas, presents?"

"All the other fellows buys her presents, und I'm loving mit her too; it's polite I gives her presents the while I'm got such a kind feeling over her," said Morris stoutly.

"Well, we ain't got no money for buy nothings," said Mrs. Mogilewsky sadly. "No money, und your papa, he has all times a scare he should n't to get no more."

So Morris was helpless, his mother poor, and Teacher all unknowing.

And now the great day, the Friday before Christmas, came, and the school was, for the first half-hour, quite mad. Room 18, generally so placid and so peaceful, was a howling wilderness full of brightly colored, quickly changing groups of children, all whispering, all gurgling, and all hiding queer bundles.

Isidore Belchatosky was the first to lay tribute before Teacher. He came forward with a sweet smile and a tall candlestick, and Teacher, for a moment, could not be made to understand that all that length of bluish-white china was really hers "for keeps."

"It's to-morrow holiday," Isidore assured her; "and we gives you presents, the while we have a kind feeling. Candlesticks could to cost twenty-five cents."

"It's a lie. Three for ten," said a voice in the background; but Teacher hastened to respond to Isidore's test of her credulity: —

"Indeed, they could. This candlestick could have cost fifty cents, and it's just what I want. It is very good of you to bring me a present."

"You're welcome," said Isidore, retiring.

And then, the ice being broken, the First-Reader Class in a body rose to cast its gifts on Teacher's desk, and its arms around Teacher's neck.

Nathan Horowitz presented a small cup and saucer; Isidore Applebaum bestowed a large calendar for the year before last; Sadie Gonorowsky brought a basket containing a bottle of perfume, a thimble, and a bright silk handkerchief; Sarah Schrodsky offered a pen-wiper and a yellow celluloid collar-button, and Eva Kidansky gave an elaborate nasal douche, under the pleasing delusion that it was an atomizer.

Jacob Spitsky pressed forward with a tortoise-shell comb of terrifying aspect and hungry teeth, and an air showing forth a determination to adjust it in its destined place. Teacher meekly bowed her head; Jacob forced his offering into her long-suffering hair, and then retired with the information, "Costs fifteen cents, Teacher."

Meanwhile the rush of presentation went steadily on. Cups and saucers came in wild profusion. The desk was covered with them. The soap, too, became urgently perceptible. It was of all sizes, shapes and colors, but of uniform and dreadful power of perfume. Teacher's eyes filled with tears — of gratitude — as each new piece or box was pressed against her nose, and Teacher's mind was full of wonder as to what she could ever do with it all. Bottles of perfume vied with one another and with the all-pervading soap, until the air was heavy and breathing grew laborious. But pride swelled the hearts of the assembled multitude. No other Teacher had so many helps to the toilet. None other was so beloved.

When the waste-paper basket had been twice filled

with wrappings and twice emptied; when order was emerging out of chaos; when the Christmas-tree had been disclosed and its treasures distributed, a timid hand was laid on Teacher's knee and a plaintive voice whispered, "Say, Teacher, I got something for you"; and Teacher turned quickly to see Morris, her dearest boy charge.

"Now, Morris dear," said Teacher, "you should n't have troubled to get me a present; you know you and I are such good friends that —"

"Teacher, yiss, ma'an," Morris interrupted, in a bewitching and rising inflection of his soft and plaintive voice. "I know you got a kind feeling by me, and I could n't to tell even how I got a kind feeling by you. Only it's about that kind feeling I should give you a present. I did n't" — with a glance at the crowded desk — "I did n't to have no soap nor no perfumery, and my mamma she could n't to buy none by the store; but, Teacher, I'm got something awful nice for you by present."

"And what is it, deary?" asked the already rich and gifted young person. "What is my new present?"

"Teacher, it's like this: I don't know; I ain't so big like I could to know," — and, truly, God pity him! he was passing small, — "it ain't for boys — it's for ladies. Over yesterday on the night comes my papa to my house, und he gives my mamma the present. Sooner she looks on it, sooner she has a awful glad; in her eyes stands tears, und she says, like that, — out of Jewish, — 'Thanks,' un' she kisses my papa a kiss. Und my papa, how he is polite! he says, — out of Jewish, too, — 'You're welcome, all right,' un' he kisses my mamma a kiss. So my mamma, she sets

und looks on the present, und all the time she looks she has a glad over it. Und I did n't to have no soap, so you could to have the present."

"But did your mother say I might?"

"Teacher, no ma'an; she did n't say like that, und she did n't to say not like that. She did n't to know. But it's for ladies, un' I did n't to have no soap. You could to look on it. It ain't for boys."

And here Morris opened a hot little hand and disclosed a tightly folded pinkish paper. As Teacher read it he watched her with eager, furtive eyes, dry and bright, until hers grew suddenly moist, when his promptly followed suit. As she looked down at him, he made his moan once more:—

"It's for ladies, and I did n't to have no soap."

"But Morris, dear," cried teacher, unsteadily, laughing a little, and yet not far from tears, "this is ever so much nicer than soap—a thousand times better than perfume; and you're quite right, it is for ladies, and I never had one in all my life before. I am so very thankful."

"You're welcome, all right. That's how my papa says; it's polite. Und my mamma," he said insinuatingly,— "she kisses my papa a kiss."

"Well?" said Teacher.

"Well," said Morris, "you ain't never kissed me a kiss, und I seen how you kissed Eva Gonorowsky. I'm loving mit you too. Why don't you never kiss me a kiss?"

"Perhaps," suggested teacher mischievously, "perhaps it ain't for boys."

"Teacher, yiss, ma'an; it's for boys," he cried as he felt her arms about him, and saw that in her eyes, too, "stands tears."

Late that night Teacher sat in her pretty room and reviewed her treasures. She saw that they were very numerous, very touching, very whimsical, and very precious. But above all the rest she cherished a frayed and pinkish paper, rather crumpled and a little soiled. For it held the love of a man and a woman and a little child, and the magic of a home, for Morris Mogilewsky's Christmas present for ladies was the receipt for a month's rent for a room on the top floor of a Monroe Street tenement.

LOVE AMONG THE BLACKBOARDS¹

MYRA KELLY

AN organized government requires a cabinet, and, during the first weeks of her reign over Room 18, Miss Bailey set about providing herself with aides and advisers.

Gradually, from the rank and file of candidates, — from the well-meaning but clumsy; from the competent but dishonest; from the lazy, and from the rash, — she selected three loyal and devoted men to share her task of ruling. They were Morris Mogilewsky, Prime Minister and Monitor of the Gold-Fish Bowl; Nathan Spiderwitz, Councillor of the Exchequer and Monitor of Window-Boxes; and Patrick Brennan, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces and Leader of the Line.

The members of this cabinet, finding themselves raised to such high places by the pleasure of their sovereign, kept watchful eyes upon her. For full well they knew that cruelest of all the laws of the Board of Education, which decrees: "That the marriage of a female teacher shall constitute resignation." This ruling had deprived them of a Kindergarten teacher of transcendent charm and had made them as watchful of Miss Bailey as a bevy of maiden aunts could have been. Losing her, they would lose love and power, and love and power are sweet.

¹ From "Little Citizens." By permission of Doubleday, Page & Co., N.Y.

Morris was the first to discover definite grounds for uneasiness. He met his cherished Miss Bailey walking across Grand Street on a rainy morning, and the umbrella which was protecting her beloved head was held by a tall stranger in a long and baggy coat.

After circling incredulously about this tableau, Morris dashed off to report to his colleagues. He found Patrick and Nathan in the midst of an exciting game of craps; but his pattering feet warned them of danger, so they pocketed their dice and turned to hear his news.

"Say," he panted; "I seen Teacher mit a man."

"No!" said Patrick, aghast.

"It's a lie!" cried Nathan; "it's a lie!"

"No; it's no lie," said Morris, with a sob half of breathlessness and half of sorrow; "I seen her for sure. Und the man carries umbrellas over her mit loving looks."

"Ah, g'wan," drawled Patrick; "you're crazy. You don't know what you're talking about."

"Sure do I," cried Morris "I had once a auntie what was loving mit a awful stylish salesman, — he's now floor-walkers — und I see how they makes."

"Well," said Patrick, "I had a sister Mary and she married the milkman, so I know, too. But umbrellas does n't mean much."

"But the loving looks," Morris insisted. "My auntie makes such looks on the salesman, — he's now floor-walkers, — und sooner she marries mit him."

"Say, Patrick," suggested Nathan; "I'll tell you what to do. You ask her if she's goin' to get married."

"Naw," said Patrick. "Let Morris ask her. She'd tell him before she'd tell any of us. She's been soft on him ever since Christmas. Say, Morris, do you

hear? You 've got to ask Teacher if she 's going to get married."

"Oo-o-oh! I dassent. It ain't polite how you says," cried Morris in his shocked little voice. "It ain't polite you asks like that. It 's fierce."

"Well, you 've got to do it, anyway," said Patrick darkly, "and you 've got to do it soon, and you 've got to let us hear you."

"It 's fierce," protested Morris; but he was overruled by the dominant spirit of Patrick Brennan, that grandson of the kings of Munster and son of the policeman on the beat.

His opportunity found him on the very next morning, when Isidore Wishnewskey spread before Teacher's admiring eyes a Japanese paper napkin.

"My sister," he explained. "She gets it to a wedding. She gives it to me und I gives it to you. I don't need it. She goes all times on weddinges. Most all her younge lady friends gettin' married; ain't it funny?"

At the fateful word "married," the uneasy cabinet closed in about Teacher. Their three pairs of eyes clung to her face as Isidore repeated, —

"All gettin' married. Ain't it funny?"

"Well, no, dear," answered Teacher musingly. "You know nearly all young ladies do it."

Patrick took a pin from Teacher's desk and kneeled to tie his shoe-string.

Clearly this was Morris's opening. Patrick pierced his soul with a glance of scorn and simultaneously buried the pin in his quaking leg. Thus encouraged, Morris rushed blindly into the conversation with: —

"Say, Teacher, Miss Bailey, be you goin' to get married?"

"Well, perhaps so, Morris. Perhaps I shall, some day."

"Teacher, no, ma'an, Miss Bailey!" wailed the Monitor of the Gold-Fish. "Don't you go and get married mit nobody. So you do you could n't be Teacher by us no more, and you're a awful nice teacher by little boys. You ain't too big. Und say, we'd feel terrible bad the while you goes and gets married mit somebody — terrible bad."

"Should you really, now?" asked Teacher, greatly pleased. "Well, dear, I too should be lonely without you."

While Teacher was in the lenient mood, Nathan forged yet another chain for her securing.

"Teacher," said he, "you wouldn't never go and get married mit nobody 'out saying nothing to somebody, would you?"

"Indeed, no, my dear," Miss Bailey assured him. "When I marry, you and Patrick and Morris shall be ushers — monitors, you know. Now are you happy, you funny little chaps?"

"Teacher, yiss, ma'an," Morris sighed, as the bell rang sharply, and the aloof and formal exercise of the assembly room began.

Some days later Teacher arranged to go to a reception, and as she did not care to return to her home between work and play, she appeared at school in rather festive array. Room 18 was delighted with its transformed ruler, but to the board of monitors this glory of raiment brought nothing but misery. Every twist in the neat coiffure, every fold of the pretty dress, every rustle of the invisible silk, every click of the high heels, meant the coming abdication of Teacher and the disbanding of her cabinet. Just so

had Patrick's sister Mary looked on the day she wed the milkman. Just such had been the outward aspect of Morris's auntie on the day of her union to the promising young salesman who was now a floor-walker and Morris's Uncle Ikey.

The staff knew that the time for action had really come.

They arranged to escape from Room 18 before three o'clock. The Commander-in-Chief feigned a nose-bleed, the Prime Minister developed an inward agony, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, after some moments of indecision, boldly plucked out a tottering tooth and followed — bloody but triumphant — in their wake. They found the enemy just as they had expected, and Morris, being again elected spokesman, stepped forward.

"Teacher don't wants to go on the party mit you the while she ain't got no more that kind feeling over you."

"What?" cried the astonished Doctor Ingraham.

"She don't wants to be married mit you."

"Did Miss Bailey send you with any message to me?"

The question was so fierce that the truth was forced from the unwilling lips of the spokesman.

"No, ma'an — no, sir," they faltered. "On'y that's the feeling what she had. Und so you go away now 'out seeing Teacher, me und the other fellows we gives you FIVE cents."

The cabinet drew near to hear the answer to this suggestion. It puzzled them, for —

"Now, look here, boy," said Doctor Ingraham, "you 'd better go home and get to bed. You aren't well."

Morris conferred with his colleagues and returned with: —

"We gives you SEVEN cents so you go home now 'out seeing Teacher. A nickel und two pennies so you go now. Und say, Miss Blake could to go by your side. She has kind feelings over you."

"Nonsense," said the man. "When will your teacher be down?"

"She ain't coming at all. She has no more feelings. So you goes now we gives you a dime and a penny. ELEVEN cents. We ain't got it; on'y we could to get. Teacher gives me all times pennies."

Just as the stranger was wondering how much of truth these extraordinary children knew, Teacher appeared upon the scene,

The cabinet crept back to reconnoitre.

Said Morris: "She 's lovin' mit him und he 's loving mit her. They 've got loving looks. I had once a auntie —"

This was too much for the torn spirit of the Leader of the Line. He laid violent hands — and feet — upon the Monitor of Gold-Fish. Morris's prolonged yell of agonized surprise brought Teacher flying to the rescue. And Teacher brought Doctor Ingraham.

"I don't know what is mit Patrick," Morris was saying. "He hits me a hack somethin' fierce sooner I says about mine auntie. Und Nathan, too, is bad boys. He says you lies."

"I?" said Teacher; "I?"

"Yiss ma'an, that 's how he says. On'y I know you don't lies."

"When, deary?"

"On your weddinge. You know you says me, und Patrick, und Nathan, should be monitors on your weddinge when you marries mit him." And Morris stretched a pointing finger at the foe.

After one radiant glance at Teacher's face, Doctor Ingraham possessed himself of the scrubby hand and shook it warmly.

"And so you shall, old chap," he cried, "so you shall. You may be best man if you so desire. Anything you like."

"New clothes?" asked Morris.

"From stem to stern."

"Ice cream?"

"Gallons."

"Paper napkins mit birds?"

"Bushels."

"Can I mine little sister bring?"

"A dozen little sisters if you have them."

"Can I go in a carriage, down and up? It's stylish."

"You shall have a parade of carriages — one for each sister."

"Morris," commanded Miss Bailey, "go home."

When she turned to confront Doctor Ingraham, her face was brightly pink and her eyes held a mixture of embarrassment and anger.

"Of course I can't explain this," she said. "I must simply ask you to believe that he is making a dreadful mistake. You will pardon me if I go to see little Leah Yonowsky. The twins are reported ill again. Good afternoon."

"Morris," said the rueful enemy, "you've done for me, my boy."

"Won't she go by your side on the party?"

"She will not," admitted the doctor. "So you may as well trot out Miss Blake and begin to collect my eleven cents."

PASQUALE PASSES¹

T. A. DALY

ROSA BEPPI she 'sa got
Temper dat 's so strong an' hot,
Ees no matter w'at you say,
W'en she 's start for have her way
She 's gon' have eet; you can bat
Evra cent you got on dat!
Theenk she gona mind her Pop?
She ain't even 'fraid of cop!
Even devil no could stop
Rosa Beppi w'en she gat
Foolish theengs eenside her hat.
Dat 'sa why her Pop ees scare',
Dat 'sa why he growl an' swear'
W'en he see her walkin' out
Weeth Pasquale from da Sout'.

Eef, like Beppi, you are com'
From da countra nort' of Rome,
You would know dat man from Sout'
Ain'ta worth for talka 'bout.
Ees no wondra Beppi swear,
Growl an' grumbla lika bear.
W'en da Padre Angelo
Com' an' see heem actin' so,
He 's su'prise' an' wanta know.

¹ From "Madrigali." Copyright 1912, by David McKay. By permission of the publisher, David McKay, Philadelphia, Pa.

Beppi tal him. "Ah!" he say,
"I weell talk weeth her to-day,
So she stoppa walkin' out
Weeth Pasquale from da Sout'."

Beppi shak' hees head an' sigh.
He don't theenk eet's use for try;
But da Padre smile an' say:
"I gon' to speak weeth her to-day."
Pretta soon, bimeby, he do, —
Only say wan word or two, —
But so soon as ees through
You should see da Rosa! My!
Dere's a fire from her eye,
Cutta through you lika knife.
She ees mad, you bet my life!
But no more she's walkin' out
Weeth Pasquale from da Sout'.

Beppi's gladdest man I know
'En he see how theengsa go.
"My!" he say, "I am su'prise'
Church can be so strong an' wise."
"Yes," say Padre Angelo,
"Church ees always wisa so.
All I say to her ees dees:
'Rosa, I am moocha please'
Dat at las' you gotta beau.
He ain't verra good wan, no;
But you need no minda dat
Seence he's best dat you can gat.
So I'm glad for see you out
Weeth Pasquale from da Sout'."

DA THIEF¹

T. A. DALY

EEF poor man goes
An' steal sa rose
 Een Juna-time —
Wan leetla rose —
You gon' su'pose
 Dat dat's a crime ?

Eh ! w'at ? Den taka look at me,
For here bayfore your eyes you see
Wan thief, dat ees so glad an' proud
He gona brag of eet out loud !
So moocha good I do, an' feel,
From dat wan leetle rose I steal,
Dat eef I gon' to jail to-day
Dey no could tak' my joy away.
So, leesen ! here ees how eet come' :
Las' night w'en I am walkin' home
From work een hotta ceety street
Ees sudden com' a smal so sweet
Eet maka heaven een my nose —
I look an' dere I see da rose !
Not wan, but manny, fine an' tall,
Dat peep at me above da wall.
So, too, I close my eyes an' find
Anudder peecture een my mind ;

¹ From "Madrigali." Copyright 1912, by David McKay. By permission of the publisher, David McKay, Philadelphia, Pa.

I see a house dat 's small an' hot
Where many pretta theengs ees not,
Where leetla woman, good an' true,
Ees work so hard da whole day through,
She 's too wore out, w'en com's da night,
For smile an' mak' da housa bright.

But, presto! now I 'm home, an' she
Ees seettin' on da step weeth me.
Bambino, sleepin' on her breast,
Ees nevva know more sweeta rest,
An' nevva was sooch glad su'prise
Like now ees shina from her eyes ;
An' all baycause to-night she wear
Wan leetla rose stuck een her hair.
She ees so please'! Eet mak' me feel
I shoulda sooner learned to steal!

Eef "thief's" my name
I feel no shame ;
 Eet ees no crime —
Dat rose I got.
Eh! w'at? O! not
 Een Juna-time!

THE LITTLE GOD AND DICKY¹

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

"I will not go to that old dancing-school again, and I tell you that I won't, and I won't. And I won't!"

"That will do, Richard. Go and find your pumps. Now, get right up from the floor, and if you scratch the Morris chair I shall speak to your father. Are n't you ashamed of yourself? Get right up—you must expect to be hurt, if you pull so. Come, Richard! I am sorry I hurt your elbow, but you know very well you are n't crying for that at all. Come along!"

His sister flitted by the door.

"Hurry up, Dick, or we'll be late," she called back sweetly, secure in the knowledge that if such virtuous accents maddened him still further, no one could blame her.

His rage justified her faith.

"Oh, you shut up, will you!" he snarled.

She looked meek, and listened to his deprivation of dessert for the rest of the week, with an air of love for the sinner and hatred for the sin.

A desperately patient monologue from the next room indicated the course of events there.

"Your necktie is on the bed. No, you can not. You will have to wear one. Because no one ever goes without. I don't know why.

"Many a boy would be thankful and glad to have

¹ From "Madness of Philip and Other Tales." By permission of the author and Doubleday, Page & Co., N.Y.

silk stockings. Nonsense — your legs are warm enough. I don't believe you. Now, Richard, how perfectly ridiculous! There is no left and right to stockings.

"Now take your pumps and find the plush bag. Well, how do you want to carry them? Why, I never heard of anything so silly! I don't care if they do carry skates that way — skates are not slippers. Very well, then, only hurry up. I should think you'd be ashamed to have them dangling around your neck that way.

"Now, here's your coat."

He slammed the door till the piazza shook, and strode along beside his scandalized sister, the pumps flopping noisily on his shoulders.

"Please stop, Dick Pendleton; you're a mean old thing. I should think you'd be ashamed to carry your slippers that way. If you jump in that wet place and spatter me I shall tell papa — You will care, when I tell him, just the same! You're just as bad as you can be. I shan't speak with you to-day!"

Acquaintances met them and passed, unconscious of anything but the sweet picture of a sister and a brother and a plush bag going daintily and dutifully to dancing-school; but his heart was hot at the injustice of the world and the hypocritical cant of girls, and her thoughts were busy with her indictment of him before the family tribunal.

He jumped over the threshold of the long room and aimed his cap at the head of a boy he knew, who was standing on one foot to put on a slipper. This destroyed his friend's balance, and a cheering scuffle followed. Life assumed a more hopeful aspect.

A shrill whistle called them out in two crowding bunches to the polished floor.

Hoping against hope, he had clung to the beautiful thought that Miss Dorothy would be sick, that she had missed her train—but no! there she was.

“Ready, children! Spread out. Take your lines. First position. Now!”

The large man at the piano, who always looked half asleep, thundered out the first bars of the latest waltz, and the business began.

A little breeze of laughing admiration circled the row of mothers and aunts.

“Is n’t that too cunning! Just like a little ballet! Are n’t they graceful, really, now!”

“One, two, three! One, two, three! Slide, slide, cross; one, two, three!

“One, two, three! Reverse, two, three!”

The whistle shrilled.

“Ready for the two-step, children!”

It was Dicky’s custom to hurl himself at the colored bunch nearest him, seize a Sabine, so to speak, and plunge into the dance.

Dicky skirted the row of mothers and aunts cautiously.

“Oh, look! Did you ever see anything so sweet!” said somebody.

Involuntarily he turned. There in a corner, all by herself, a little girl was gravely performing a dance. He stared at her curiously. For the first time, he discovered that those motions were pretty.

She was ethereally slender, brown-eyed, brown-haired, brown-skinned. A little fluffy white dress spread fan-shaped above her knees; she swayed lightly; one little gloved hand held out her skirt, the other marked the time.

Dicky admired. He advanced and bowed jerkily,

grasped one of the loops of her sash in the back, and stamped gently a moment to get the time.

"Don't they do it well, though! See those little things near the door!" he caught as they went by; and his heart swelled with pride.

"What's your name?" he asked abruptly after the dance.

"Thethelia," she lisped, and shook her hair over her cheek. She was very shy.

"Mine's Richard Carr Pendleton. My father's a lawyer. What's yours?"

"I — I don't know!" she gasped, obviously considering flight.

He chuckled delightedly. Was ever such engaging idiocy? She didn't know. Well, well!

"Pooh!" he said grandly, "I guess you know. Don't you, really?"

She looked hopelessly at her fan, and shook her head. Suddenly a light dawned in her big eyes.

"Maybe I know," she murmured. "I gueth I know. He — he 'th a really thtate!"

"A really state? That is n't anything — nothing at all. A really state?" he frowned at her judicially.

Her lip quivered; she turned and ran away.

"Here, come back!" he called, but she was gone.

"That will do for to-day," said Miss Dorothy; and they surged into the dressing-rooms, to be buttoned up and pulled out of draughts and trundled home.

Dicky ran up to Cecilia as a woman led her out to a coupé at the curb, and tugged at the ribbon of her cloak.

"Where do you live? Say, where do you?" he demanded.

Her hair was under the hood, but she hid her face behind the woman.

"I — I don't know," she said softly.

The woman laughed.

"Why, yes, you do, Cissy," she reproved. "Tell him directly, now."

She put one tiny finger in her mouth.

"I — I gueth I live on Chethnut Thtreet," she called as the door slammed and shut her in.

His sister amicably offered him half the plush bag to carry, and opened a running criticism of the afternoon.

"What made you dance all the time with Cissy Weston? She's an awful baby — a regular 'fraid-cat!"

"She's the prettiest one there!" he said.

His sister stared at him.

"Why, Dick Pendleton, she is not! She puts her finger in her mouth if anybody says anything at all. If you ask her a single thing she does like this: 'I don't know, I don't know!'"

He smiled scornfully. Did he not know how she did it? Had he not seen that adorable finger, those appealing eyes?

"And she can't talk plain! She lisps — truly she does!"

Heavens! Was ever a girl so thick-headed as that sister of his!

"I should like," he said to his mother the next day, "to go and see her."

"Well, you can go with me to-morrow, perhaps, when I call on Mrs. Weston," she assented.

Seated opposite her on a hassock, their mothers chatting across the room, his assurance withered away.

There was nothing whatever to say. She took refuge behind her hair, and they stared uncomfortably at each other.

"If you'll come over to my house, I'll show you the biggest rat-hole you ever saw — it's in the stable!" he said desperately.

"Oh! Oh!" she breathed, and her eyes widened.

"Maybe you can see the rat — he does n't often come out, though," he added honestly.

She shuddered and twisted her fingers violently.

"No! No! I — I hate ratth's! I dreamed about one! I had to have the gath lit! Oh, no!"

At his wits' ends, he played his highest card. If she were of mortal flesh and blood, this would interest her.

"Look here! Do you know what Boston bull pups are? Do you?"

She nodded vigorously.

"Well, you know their tails?"

She nodded uncertainly.

"You know they're just little stumps?"

"Oh, yeth!" she beamed at him. "My Uncle Harry 'th got a bulldog. Hith name ith Eli. He liketh me."

"Well, see here! Do you know how they make their tails short? A man bites 'em off! A fellow told me —"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" She shuddered off the hassock, and rushed to her mother, gasping with horror.

"He thayth — he thayth" — words failed her. Broken sobs of "Eli! Oh, Eli!" filled the parlor.

He was dazed, terrified. What had happened? What had he done? He was shuffled disgracefully from the room; apologies rose above her sobbing; the door closed behind Dicky and his mother.

At night his mother came and sat for a moment on the side of the bed.

"Papa does n't want you to feel too bad, dear," she said. "He knows that you never meant to frighten Cecilia so. To-morrow would you like to send her some flowers and write her a little note, and tell her how sorry you are?"

He could not speak, but he seized his mother's hand and kissed it up to her lace ruffle.

In the morning he applied himself to his note of apology. Hitherto his mother had been his only correspondent. He carried her the note with a sense of justifiable pride.

MY DEAR CECILIA:—

I am going to send you some flowrs. I am sory they bite them of but they do. I hope you did not hafto lite the gas. we are all well and haveing a good time. with much love I am your loving son.

RICHARD CARR PENDLETON.

The next morning Richard came down to breakfast rapt and quiet. After his egg he spoke.

"I dreamed that it was dancing-school. And I went. And I was the only fellow there. And what do you think? All the little girls were Cecilia!"

"You don't suppose he'll be a poet, do you? Or a genius, or anything?" his mother inquired anxiously.

"Lord, no!" his father returned. "I should say he was more likely to be a Mormon!"

But the Little God knew very well what Dicky was, and at that moment was making out his diploma.

ARDELIA IN ARCADY¹

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

WHEN first the young lady from the College Settlement dragged Ardelia from her degradation, she was sitting on a dirty pavement and throwing assorted refuse at an unconscious policeman.

"Come here, little girl," said Miss Forsythe invitingly. "Would n't you like to come with me and have a nice, cool bath?"

"Naw," said Ardelia, in tones rivaling the bath in coolness.

"You would n't? Well, would n't you like some bread and butter and jam?"

"Wha's jam?" said Ardelia conservatively.

"Why, it's — er — marmalade," the young lady explained. "All sweet, you know."

"Naw!"

"I thought you might like to go on a picnic," said the young lady helplessly. "I thought all little girls liked —"

"Picnic? When?" cried Ardelia, moved instantly to interest. "I'm goin'!"

"We'll go and ask your mother first, won't we?" suggested the young lady, a little bewildered at this sudden change of attitude; and seizing the hand which she imagined to have had least to do with the refuse, she led Ardelia away — the first stage of her journey to Arcady.

¹ From "Madness of Philip and Other Tales." By permission of the author and Doubleday, Page & Co., N.Y.

Two days later, arrayed in starched and creaking garments which had been made for a slightly smaller child, she was transported to the station, and in due time Ardelia was in Arcady in the kindly keeping of Mrs. Slater.

"Now, Ardelia, here you are in the country," said Miss Forsythe. "Now run right out in the grass and pick all the daisies you want. Don't be afraid; no one will drive you off this grass!"

The force of this was lost on Ardelia, who had never been driven off any whatever; but she gathered that she was expected to walk out into the thick, rank growth of the unmowed side yard, and strode downward obediently.

"Now pick them! Pick the daisies!" cried Miss Forsythe excitedly. "I want to see you."

Ardelia looked blank.

"Huh?" she said.

"Gather them. Get a bunch. Oh, you poor child! Mrs. Slater, she does n't know how!" Miss Forsythe was deeply moved, and illustrated by picking imaginary daisies on the porch.

Ardelia's quick eyes followed her gestures, and stooping, she scooped the heads from three daisies and started back with them. Miss Forsythe gasped.

"No, no, dear! Pull them up! Take the stem, too," she explained. "Pick the whole flower!"

Ardelia bent over again, tugged at a thick-stemmed clover, brought it up by the roots, and laid the spoils awkwardly on the young lady's lap.

"Thank you, dear," she said politely, "but I meant them for you. I meant you to have a bunch. Don't you want them?"

"Naw!" said Ardelia decidedly.

Miss Forsythe's eyes brightened suddenly.

"I know what you want," she cried, "you're thirsty! Mrs. Slater, won't you get us some of your good, creamy milk? Don't you want a drink, Ardelia?"

Ardelia nodded. When Mrs. Slater appeared with the foaming yellow glasses she wound her nervous little hands about the stem of the goblet and began a deep draught. She did not like it, it was hard to swallow, and instinct warned her not to go on with it; but all the thirst of a long morning — Ardelia was used to drinking frequently — urged her on, and its icy coolness enabled her to finish the glass. She handed it back with a deep sigh. The young lady clapped her hands.

"There!" she cried. "Now, how do you like real milk, Ardelia? I declare, you look like another child already! You can have all you want every day — Why, what's the matter?"

For Ardelia was growing ghastly pale before them; later, as she lay limp and white on the slippery hair-cloth sofa in Mrs. Slater's musty parlor, she heard them discussing her situation.

"There was a lot of Fresh-Air children over at Mis' Simms's," her hostess explained, "and they 'most all of 'em said the milk was too strong. Did you ever! Two or three of 'em was sick, like this one, but they got to love it in a little while. She will, too."

Ardelia shook her head feebly. In a few minutes she was asleep.

When she awoke she was in a strange place. She felt scared and lonely. Now that her stomach was filled, and her nerves refreshed by her long sleep, she was in a condition to realize that, aside from all bod-

ily discomfort, she was sad — very sad. A new, unknown depression weighed her down. It grew steadily, something was happening, something constant and mournful — what? Suddenly she knew. It was a steady, recurrent noise, a buzzing, monotonous click. Now it rose, now it fell, accentuating the silence dense about it.

“Zig-a-zig! Zig-a-zig!” then a rest.

“Zig-a-zig! Zig-a-zig-a-zig!”

She looked restlessly at Mrs. Slater. “Wha’s ’at?” she said.

“That? Oh, those are katydids. I s’pose you never heard ’em, that’s a fact. Kind o’ cozy, I think. Don’t you like ’em?”

“Naw,” said Ardelia.

“Zig-a-zig! Zig-zig! Zig-a-zig-a-zig!”

Slowly, against the background of this machine-like clicking, there grew other sounds, weird, unhappy, far away.

“Wheep, wheep, wheep!”

This was a high, thin crying.

“Buroom! Brrroom! broom!”

This was low and resonant and solemn. Ardelia scowled.

“Wha’s ’at?” she asked again.

“That’s the frogs. Bull-frogs and peepers. Never heard them, either, did ye? Well, that’s what they are.”

William Slater took his pipe out of his mouth.

“Come here, sissy, ’n’ I’ll tell y’ a story,” he said lazily.

Ardelia obeyed, and glancing timorously at the shadows, slipped around to his side.

“Onc’t they was an ol’ feller comin’ ’long cross-lots, late at night, an’ he come to a pond, an’ he kinder

stopped up an' says to himself, 'Wonder how deep th' ol' pond is, anyhow?' He was just a leetle — well, he 'd had a drop too much, y' see — "

"Had a what?" interrupted Ardelia.

"He was sort o' rollin' 'round — he did n't know just what he was doin' — "

"Oh! Jagged!" said Ardelia comprehendingly.

"I guess so. An' he heard a voice sing' out, 'Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee deep!' "

William gave a startling imitation of the peepers; his voice was a high, shrill wail.

"'Oh, well,' s' he, 'f it 's just knee deep I 'll wade through,' 'n' he starts in.

"Just then he hears a big feller singin' out, 'Better go rrround! Better go rrround! bettergoround!'"

William rolled out a vibrating bass note that startled the bull-frogs themselves.

"'Lord!' says he, 'is it s' deep 's that? Well, I 'll go round, then.' 'N' off he starts to walk around.

"'Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee deep!' says the peepers.

"An' there it was. Soon 's he 'd start to do one thing, they 'd tell him another. Make up his mind he could n't, so he stands there still, they do say, askin' 'em every night which he better do."

"Stands where?" Ardelia looked fearfully behind her.

"Oh, I d' know. Out in that swamp, mebbe."

Time passed by.

Suddenly Mr. Slater coughed and arose. "Well, guess I 'll be gettin' to bed," he said.

Mrs. Slater led Ardelia upstairs into a little hot room, and told her to get into bed quick, for the lamp drew the mosquitoes.

Ardelia kicked off her shoes and approached the bed distrustfully. It sank down with her weight and smelled hot and queer. Rolling off, she stretched herself on the floor, and lay there disconsolately. Sharp, quick stabs from the swarming mosquitoes stung her to rage. The eternal chatter of the katydids maddened her. She could not sleep. Across the swamp came the wail of the peepers.

“Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee deep!”

At home the hurdy-gurdy was playing, the women were gossiping on every step, the lights were everywhere, — the blessed fearless gas-lights, — the little girls were dancing in the breeze that drew in from the East River.

In the morning Miss Forsythe came over to inquire after her charge's health, accompanied by another young lady.

“How do you do, my dear?” said the new lady kindly. “How terribly the mosquitoes have stung you! What makes you stay in the house, and miss the beautiful fresh air? Why, Ethel, she isn't bare-foot! Come here, Ardelia, and take off your shoes and stockings directly. Now you'll know what comfort is,” as she unlaced the boots rapidly on the porch.

“Oh, she's been barefoot in the city,” explained Miss Forsythe, “but this will be different, of course.”

And so it was, but not in the sense she intended. To patter about bare-legged on the clear, safe pavement, was one thing; to venture unprotected into that waving, tripping tangle was another. Suddenly she stopped, she shrieked, she clawed the air with outspread fingers. Her face was gray with terror.

“Oh, gee! Oh, gee!” she screamed.

“What is it, Ardelia, what is it?” they cried lifting up their skirts in sympathy; “a snake?”

Mrs. Slater rushed out, seized Ardelia, half rigid with fear, and carried her to the porch. They elicited from her as she sat with her feet tucked under her and one hand convulsively clutching Mrs. Slater’s apron that something had rustled by her “down at the bottom,” that it was slippery, that she had stepped on it, and wanted to go home.

“Toad,” explained Mrs. Slater briefly. “Only a little hop-toad, Delia, that would n’t harm a baby, let alone a big girl nine years old, like you.”

But Ardelia, chattering with nervousness, wept for her shoes, and sat high and dry in a rocking-chair for the rest of the morning.

“She’s a queer child,” Mrs. Slater confided to the young ladies. “’S morning she asked me when did the parades go by. I told her there wa’n’t any but the circus, an’ that had been already. I tried to cheer her up, sort of, with that Fresh-Air picnic of yours to-morrow, Miss Forsythe, and s’ she, ‘O, the Dago picnic,’ s’ she, ‘will they have Tony’s band?’

“She don’t seem to take any int’rest in th’ farm, like those Fresh-Air children, either. I showed her the hens an’ the eggs, an’ she said it was a lie about the hen’s layin’ ’em. ‘What d’ you take me for?’ s’ she. The idea! Then Henry milked the cow, to show her, — she would n’t believe that, either, — and with the milk streamin’ down before her, what do you s’pose she said? ‘You put it in!’ s’ she. I never should ’a’ believed that, Miss Forsythe, if I had n’t heard it.”

“Oh, she’ll get over it,” said Miss Forsythe easily, “just wait a few days. Good-by, Ardelia, eat a good supper.”

The morning dawned fresh and fair ; the homely barnyard noises brought a smile to Miss Forsythe's sympathetic face, as she waited for Ardelia to join her in a drive to the station. But Ardelia did not smile. Her cramped feet wearied for the smooth pavements, her ears hungered for the dear familiar din. She scowled at the winding, empty road ; she shrieked at the passing oxen.

At the station Miss Forsythe shook her limp little hand.

"Good-by, dear," she said. "I'll bring the other little children back with me. You'll enjoy that. Good-by."

"I'm comin', too," said Ardelia.

"Why — no, dear — you wait for us. You'd only turn around and come right back, you know."

"Come back nothin'," said Ardelia doggedly. "I'm goin' home."

"Why — why, Ardelia! Don't you really like it?"

"Naw, it's too hot."

Miss Forsythe stared.

"But, Ardelia, you don't want to go back to that horrible smelly street? Not truly?"

"Betcher life I do!"

The train steamed in ; Miss Forsythe mounted the steps uneasily, Ardelia clinging to her hand.

"It's so lovely and quiet," the young lady pleaded.

Ardelia shuddered. Again she seemed to hear that fiendish, mournful wailing:—

"Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee deep!"

They rode in silence. But the jar and jolt of the engine made music in Ardelia's ears ; the crying of the hot babies, the familiar jargon of the newsboy : "N'Yawk

moyning paypers! Woyld! Joynal!" were a breath from home to her little cockney heart.

They pushed through the great station, they climbed the steps of the elevated track, they jingled on a cross-town car. And at a familiar corner Ardelia slipped loose her hand, uttered a grunt of joy, and Miss Forsythe looked for her in vain. She was gone.

But late in the evening, when the great city turned out to breathe, and sat with opened shirt and loosened bodice on the dirty steps; when the hurdy-gurdy executed brassy scales and the lights flared in endless sparkling rows; when the trolley gongs at the corner pierced the air, and feet tapped cheerfully down the cool stone steps of the beer-shop, Ardelia, bare-footed and abandoned, nibbling at a section of bologna sausage, secure in the hope of an olive to come, cake-walked insolently with a band of little girls behind a severe policeman, mocking his stolid gait, to the delight of Old Dutchy, who beamed approvingly at her prancings.

"Ja, ja, you trow out your feet goot. Some day we pay to see you, no? You like to get back already?"

"Ja, danky shun, Dutchy," she said airily; and as the hurdy-gurdy moved away, and the oboe of the Italian band began to run up and down the scale, she sank upon her cool step, stretched her toes and sighed.

"Gee!" she murmured, "N'Yawk's the place!"

“SCUM O’ THE EARTH”

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

I

AT the gate of the West I stand,
On the isle where the nations throng.
We call them “scum o’ the earth”;

Stay, are we doing you wrong,
Young fellow from Socrates’ land?—
You, like a Hermes so lissome and strong
Fresh from the master Praxiteles’ hand?
So you ’re of Spartan birth?
Descended, perhaps, from one of the band—
Deathless in story and song—
Who combed their long hair at Thermopylæ’s pass?
Ah, I forget the straits, alas!
More tragic than theirs, more compassion-worth,
That have doomed you to march in our “immigrant
class”
Where you ’re nothing but “scum o’ the earth.”

II

You Pole with the child on your knee,
What dower bring you to the land of the free?
Hark! does she croon
That sad little tune
That Chopin once found on his Polish lea
And mounted in gold for you and for me?

Now a ragged young fiddler answers
In wild Czech melody
That Dvorak took whole from the dancers.
And the heavy faces bloom
In the wonderful Slavik way;
The little, dull eyes, the brows a-gloom,
Suddenly dawn like the day.
While, watching these folk and their mystery,
I forget that they 're nothing worth;
That Bohemians, Slovaks, Croatians,
And men of all Slavik nations
Are "polacks" — and "scum o' the earth."

III

Genoese boy of the level brow,
Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes
Astare at Manhattan's pinnacles now
In the first, sweet shock of a hushed surprise;
Within your far-rapt seer's eyes
I catch the glow of the wild surmise
That played on the Santa Maria's prow
In that still gray dawn,
Four centuries gone,
When a world from the wave began to rise.
Oh, it's hard to foretell what high emprise
Is the goal that gleams
When Italy's dreams
Spread wing and sweep into the skies.
Cæsar dreamed him a world ruled well;
Dante dreamed Heaven out of Hell;
Angelo brought us there to dwell;
And you, are you of a different birth? —
You're only a "dago," — and "scum o' the earth"!

IV

Stay, are we doing you wrong
Calling you "scum o' the earth,"
Man of the sorrow-bowed head,
Of the features tender yet strong, —
Man of the eyes full of wisdom and mystery
Mingled with patience and dread?
Have not I known you in history,
Sorrow-bowed head?
Were you the poet-king, worth
Treasures of Ophir unpriced?
Were you the prophet, perchance, whose art
Foretold how the rabble would mock
That shepherd of spirits, erelong,
Who should carry the lambs on his heart
And tenderly feed his flock?
Man — lift that sorrow-bowed head.
Lo! 'tis the face of the Christ!

The vision dies at its birth.
You're merely a butt for our mirth.
You're a "sheeny" — and therefore despised
And rejected as "scum o' the earth."

V

Countrymen, bend and invoke
Mercy for us blasphemers,
For that we spat on these marvelous folk,
Nations of darers and dreamers,
Scions of singers and seers,
Our peers, and more than our peers.
"Rabble and refuse," we name them
And "scum o' the earth," to shame them.

Mercy for us of the few, young years,
Of the culture so callow and rude,
Of the hands so grasping and crude,
The lips so ready for sneers
At the sons of our ancient more-than-peers.
Mercy for us who dare despise
Men in whose loins our Homer lies;
Mothers of men who shall bring to us
The glory of Titian, the grandeur of Huss;
Children in whose frail arms shall rest
Prophets and singers and saints of the West.

Newcomers all from the eastern seas,
Help us incarnate dreams like these.
Forget, and forgive, that we did you wrong.
Help us to father a nation, strong
In the comradeship of an equal birth,
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY¹

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

PHILIP NOLAN was as fine a young officer as there was in our army. When Aaron Burr made his dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, he met, as the devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow, at some dinner-party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flat boat, and, in short, fascinated him. By the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and one and another of the colonels and majors were tried, Nolan was proved guilty enough ; yet you and I would never have heard of him but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out in a fit of frenzy, —

“ Damn the United States ! I wish I may never hear of the United States again ! ”

Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court, was terribly shocked. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say, —

“ Prisoner, hear the sentence of the court ! The court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again.”

¹ Abridged. By courtesy of the publishers, Little, Brown & Co.

The Secretary of the Navy was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which Nolan was kept in custody was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war, — cut off more than half the talk men liked to have at sea.

He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. Among some English books acquired at Cape Town on Nolan's first voyage, as the devil would order, was "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that. So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming: —

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said —"

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically:—

“This is my own, my native land?”

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on:—

“Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well —”

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that. He gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on:—

“For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, —
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self, —”

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his state-room.

After he came out of his state-room he never was the same man again. Generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. I first came to understand anything about “the man without a country” one day when we overhauled a dirty little

schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. Just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

There were not a great many of the negroes ; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their hand-cuffs and ankle-cuffs knocked off, and, for convenience' sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan ; "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Then there was a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down, and said : —

"They say, 'Not Palmas ! Take us home ; take us to our own country ; take us to our own house ; take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women !'"

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while

Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said :—

“Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!”

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets, and the men gave way, he said to me :—

“Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country; and if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven. Stick by your family, boy. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. And for your country, boy,” and the words rattled in his throat, “and for that flag,” and he pointed to the ship, “never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you

have to do with, behind officers and Government and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother."

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else.

He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did almost in a whisper say: "Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he aged very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant*, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours.

"Oh, Danforth," he said, "I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been

one taken away; I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr."

He asked me to bring the Presbyterian "Book of Public Prayer," which lay there, and said with a smile that it would open at the right place, — and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me: "Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority," — and the rest of the Episcopal Collect. "Danforth," said he, "I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years. Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone," he said, and then fell asleep.

We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text: —

"They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city."

On this slip of paper he had written, —

"Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it, —

In Memory of
PHILIP NOLAN

*Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.
He loved his country as no other man has loved her;
but no man deserved less at her hands."*

HERVÉ RIEL¹

ROBERT BROWNING

I

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,

Did the English fight the French — woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through
the blue,

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks
pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

II

'T was the squadron that escaped, with the victor in
full chase,

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,
Damfreville;

Close on him fled, great and small,

Twenty-two good ships in all;

And they signalled to the place,

“Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick —
or, quicker still,

Here 's the English can and will!”

III

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped
on board;

“Why, what hope or chance have ships like these
to pass?” laughed they;

¹ An abridgment of the poem.

“Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage
scarred and scored,
Shall the ‘Formidable’ here, with her twelve and
eighty guns,
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow
way,
Trust to enter where ’t is ticklish for a craft of twenty
tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now ’t is slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring! Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!”

IV

Then was called a council straight;
Brief and bitter the debate;
“Here’s the English at our heels; would you have
them take in tow
All that’s left us of the fleet, linked together stern
and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?—
Better run the ships aground!”
(Ended Damfreville his speech),
“Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the
beach!
France must undergo her fate.

V

“Give the word!” — But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid
all these —

A captain? A lieutenant? A mate — first, second,
third?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville
for the fleet —

A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

VI

And “What mockery or malice have we here?” cries
Hervé Riel;

“Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards,
fools or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the
soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,
’Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river
disembogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the
lying’s for?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse
than fifty Hogues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe
me there’s a way!

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this ‘Formidable’ clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them most and least by a passage I know well,

Right to Solidor, past Grève,

And there lay them safe and sound;

And if one ship misbehave —
Keel so much as grate the ground —
Why, I've nothing but my life; here 's my head!"
cries Hervé Riel.

VII

Not a minute more to wait!
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!"
cried its chief.
"Captains, give the sailor place!
He is admiral, in brief."
Still the north wind, by God's grace;
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide
sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock!
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" sure as fate,
Up the English come, too late.

VIII

Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for hell!
Let France, let France's king,
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"

As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes —
Just the same man as before.

IX

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard;
Praise is deeper than the lips;
You have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward.
Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content, and have! or my
name 's not Damfreville."

X

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point,
what is it but a run? —
Since 't is ask and have, I may —
Since the others go ashore —
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call
the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked and that he got — nothing
more.

XI

Name and deed alike are lost ;

Not a pillar nor a post

 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell ;

Not a head in white and black

On a single fishing-smack,

In memory of the man but for whom had gone to
 wrack

 All that France saved from the fight whence Eng-
 land bore the bell.

Go to Paris ; rank on rank

 Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank ;

 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé
 Riel.

So, for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse !

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the
 Belle Aurore !

FORT WAGNER

ANNA E. DICKINSON

THROUGH the whole afternoon there had been a tremendous cannonading of the fort from the gunboats and the land forces. About six o'clock there came moving up the island, over the burning sands and under the burning sky, a stalwart, splendid-appearing set of men who looked equal to any daring and capable of any heroism. Weary, travel-stained, with the mire and the rain of a two-days' tramp; weakened by the incessant strain and lack of food; with gaps in their ranks made by the death of comrades who had fallen in battle but a little time before, it was plain to be seen of what stuff these men were made, and for what work they were ready.

As this regiment, the famous Fifty-fourth, came up the island to take its place at the head of the storming party in the assault on Wagner, it was cheered from all sides by the white soldiers.

The day was lurid and sultry. Great masses of cloud, heavy and black, were piled in the western sky, fringed here and there by an angry red, and torn by vivid streams of lightning. Not a breath of wind shook the leaves or stirred the high, rank grass by the water side; a portentous and awful stillness filled the air.

Quiet, with the like awful and portentous calm, the black regiment, headed by its young, fair-haired, knightly colonel, marched to its destined place and

action. A slightly rising ground, raked by a murderous fire; a ditch holding three feet of water; a straight lift of parapet thirty feet high — an impregnable position, held by a desperate and invincible foe. Here the word of command was given:

“We are ordered and expected to take Battery Wagner at the point of the bayonet. Are you ready?”

“Ay, ay, sir! ready!” was the answer.

And the order went pealing down the line: “Ready! Close ranks! Charge bayonets! Forward! Double-quick, march!”

And away they went, under a scattering fire, in one compact line, till within one hundred feet of the fort, when the storm of death broke upon them. Every gun belched forth its great shot and shell; every rifle whizzed out its sharp-singing, death-freighted messenger. The men wavered not for an instant — forward, forward they went. They plunged into the ditch; waded through the deep water, no longer of muddy hue, but stained crimson with their blood; and commenced to climb the parapet. The foremost line fell, and then the next, and the next. On, over the piled-up mounds of dead and dying, of wounded and slain, to the mouth of the battery; seizing the guns; bayonetting the gunners at their posts; planting their flag and struggling around it; their leader on the walls, sword in hand, his blue eyes blazing, his fair face aflame, his clear voice calling out: “Forward, my brave boys!” then plunging into the hell of battle before him.

As the men were clambering up the parapet their color-sergeant was shot dead. A nameless hero who was just behind sprang forward, seized the staff from his dying hand, and with it mounted upward. A ball

struck his right arm ; but before it could fall shattered by his side, his left hand caught the flag and carried it onward. Though faint with the loss of blood and wrung with agony, he kept his place,—the colors flying,—up the slippery steep ; up to the walls of the fort ; on the wall itself, planting the flag where the men made that brief, splendid stand, and melted away like snow before furnace heat. Here a bayonet thrust met him and brought him down, a great wound in his brave breast, but he did not yield ; dropping to his knees, pressing his unbroken arm upon the gaping wound—the colors still flew, an inspiration to the men about him, a defiance to the foe.

At last when the shattered ranks fell back, sullenly and slowly retreating, he was seen painfully working his way downward, still holding aloft the flag, bent evidently on saving it, and saving it as flag had rarely, if ever, been saved before.

Slowly, painfully he dragged himself onward,—step by step down the hill, inch by inch across the ground,—to the door of the hospital ; and then, while dying eyes brightened, while dying men held back their souls from the eternities to cheer him, gasped out : “I did—but do—my duty, boys,—and the dear—old flag—never once—touched the ground” —And then, away from the reach and sight of its foes, in the midst of its defenders who loved and were dying for it, the flag at last fell.

The next day a flag of truce went up to beg the body of the heroic young chief who had so led that marvelous assault. It came back without him. A ditch, deep and wide, had been dug ; his body and those of twenty-two of his men, found dead upon and about him, flung into it in one common heap ; and

the word sent back was: "We have buried him with his niggers."

It was well done. Slavery buried these men, black and white, together — black and white in a common grave. Let Liberty see to it, then, that black and white be raised together in a life better than the old.

PHEIDIPPIDES

ROBERT BROWNING

Χαίρετε νικῶμεν

FIRST I salute this soil of the blessed, river and rock !
Gods of my birthplace, dæmons and heroes, honor to
all !

Then I name thee, claim thee for our patron, co-equal
in praise

— Ay, with Zeus the Defender, with Her of the ægis
and spear !

Also, ye of the bow and the buskin, praised be your
peer,

Now, henceforth and forever, — O latest to whom I
upraise

Hand and heart and voice ! For Athens, leave pasture
and flock !

Present to help, potent to save, Pan — patron I call !

Archons of Athens, topped by the tettix, see, I return !
See, 't is myself here standing alive, no spectre that
speaks !

Crowned with the myrtle, did you command me,
Athens and you,

“Run, Pheidippides, run and race, reach Sparta for
aid !

Persia has come, we are here, where is She ?” Your
command I obeyed,

Ran and raced : like stubble, some field which a fire
runs through,

Was the space between city and city : two days, two
nights did I burn
Over the hills, under the dales, down pits and up
peaks.

Into their midst I broke : breath served but for " Per-
sia has come !
Persia bids Athens proffer slaves'-tribute, water and
earth ;
Razed to the ground is Eretria — but Athens, shall
Athens sink,
Drop into dust and die — the flower of Hellas utterly
die,
Die, with the wide world spitting at Sparta, the stu-
pid, the stander-by ?
Answer me quick, what help, what hand do you
stretch o'er destruction's brink ?
How, — when ? No care for my limbs ! — there's
lightning in all and some —
Fresh and fit your message to bear, once lips give it
birth ! "

O my Athens — Sparta love thee ? Did Sparta re-
spond ?
Every face of her leered in a furrow of envy, mis-
trust,
Malice, — each eye of her gave me its glitter of grati-
fied hate !
Gravely they turned to take counsel, to cast for ex-
cuses. I stood
Quivering, — the limbs of me fretting as fire frets, an
inch from dry wood :
" Persia has come, Athens asks aid, and still they de-
bate ?

Thunder, thou Zeus! Athene, are Spartans a quarry
beyond

Swing of thy spear? Phoibos and Artemis, clang
them 'Ye must'!"

No bolt launched from Olumpos! Lo, their answer
at last!

"Has Persia come, — does Athens ask aid, — may
Sparta befriend?

Nowise precipitate judgment — too weighty the issue
at stake!

Count we no time lost time which lags through respect
to the gods!

Ponder that precept of old, 'No warfare, whatever the
odds

In your favor, so long as the moon, half-orbed, is un-
able to take

Full-circle her state in the sky!" Already she rounds
to it fast:

Athens must wait, patient as we — who judgment sus-
pend."

Athens, — except for that sparkle, — thy name, I had
moulded to ash!

That sent a blaze through my blood; off, off and away
was I back,

— Not one word to waste, one look to lose on the
false and the vile!

Yet "O gods of my land!" I cried, as each hillock
and plain,

Wood and stream, I knew, I named, rushing past
them again,

"Have ye kept faith, proved mindful of honors we
paid you erewhile?

Vain was the filleted victim, the fulsome libation!
Too rash
Love in its choice, paid you so largely service so slack!

“Oak and olive and bay, — I bid you cease to en-
wreathe
Brows made bold by your leaf! Fade at the Persian’s
foot,
You that, our patrons were pledged, should never
adorn a slave!
Rather I hail thee, Parnes, — trust to thy wild waste
tract!
Treeless, herbless, lifeless mountain! What matter if
slackened
My speed may hardly be, for homage to crag and to
cave
No deity deigns to drape with verdure? at least I can
breathe,
Fear in thee no fraud from the blind, no lie from the
mute!”

Such my cry as, rapid, I ran over Parnes’ ridge;
Gully and gap I clambered and cleared till, sudden, a bar
Jutted, a stoppage of stone against me, blocking the way.
Right! for I minded the hollow to traverse, the fis-
sure across:

“Where I could enter, there I depart by! Night in
the fosse?
Athens to aid? Though the dive were through Ere-
bos, thus I obey —
Out of the day dive, into the day as bravely arise!
No bridge
Better!” — when — ha! what was it I came on, of
wonders that are?

There, in the cool of a cleft, sat he — majestic Pan !
Ivy drooped wanton, kissed his head, moss cushioned
his hoof :

All the great god was good in the eyes grave-kindly
— the curl

Carved on the bearded cheek, amused at a mortal's awe,
As, under the human trunk, the goat-thighs grand I
saw.

“Halt, Pheidippides !” — halt I did, my brain of a
whirl :

“Hither to me ! Why pale in my presence ?” he gra-
cious began :

“How is it, — Athens, only in Hellas, holds me aloof ?

“Athens, she only, rears me no fane, makes me no
feast !

Wherefore ? Than I what godship to Athens more
helpful of old ?

Ay, and still, and forever her friend ! Test Pan, trust
me !

Go, bid Athens take heart, laugh Persia to scorn, have
faith

In the temples and tombs ! Go, say to Athens, ‘The
Goat-God saith :

When Persia — so much as strews not the soil — is
cast in the sea,

Then praise Pan who fought in the ranks with your
most and least,

Goat-thigh to greaved-thigh, made one cause with the
free and the bold !’

“Say Pan saith : ‘Let this, foreshowing the place, be
the pledge !’ ”

(Gay, the liberal hand held out this herbage I bear

— Fennel — I grasped it a-tremble with dew — what-
ever it bode)

“ While, as for thee ” . . . But enough ! He was gone.
If I ran hitherto —

Be sure that, the rest of my journey, I ran no longer,
but flew.

Parnes to Athens — earth no more, the air was my
road :

Here am I back. Praise Pan, we stand no more on
the razor’s edge !

Pan for Athens, Pan for me ! I too have a guerdon
rare !

Then spoke Miltiades. “ And thee, best runner of
Greece,

Whose limbs did duty indeed, — what gift is promised
thyself ?

Tell it us straightway, — Athens the mother demands
of her son ! ”

Rosily blushed the youth : he paused : but, lifting at
length

His eyes from the ground, it seemed as he gathered
the rest of his strength

Into the utterance — “ Pan spoke thus : ‘ For what
thou hast done

Count on a worthy reward ! Henceforth be allowed
thee release

From the racer’s toil, no vulgar reward in praise or
in pelf ! ’

“ I am bold to believe, Pan means reward the most
to my mind !

Fight I shall, with our foremost, wherever this fennel
may grow, —

Pound — Pan helping us — Persia to dust, and, under
the deep,
Whelm her away forever ; and then, — no Athens to
save, —
Marry a certain maid, I know keeps faith to the
brave, —
Hie to my house and home : and, when my children
shall creep
Close to my knees, — recount how the God was awful
yet kind,
Promised their sire reward to the full — rewarding
him — so ! ”

Unforeseeing one ! Yes, he fought on the Marathon
day :
So, when Persia was dust, all cried “ To Akropolis !
Run, Pheidippides, one race more ! the meed is thy due !
‘ Athens is saved, thank Pan, ’ go shout ! ” He flung
down his shield,
Ran like fire once more : and the space ’twixt the
Fennel-field
And Athens was stubble again, a field which a fire
runs through,
Till in he broke : “ Rejoice, we conquer ! ” Like wine
through clay,
Joy in his blood bursting his heart, he died — the
bliss !

So, to this day, when friend meets friend, the word of
salute
Is still “ Rejoice ! ” — his word which brought rejoic-
ing indeed.
So is Pheidippides happy forever, — the noble strong
man

Who could race like a god, bear the face of a god,
whom a god loved so well ;

He saw the land saved he had helped to save, and was
suffered to tell

Such tidings, yet never decline, but, gloriously as he
began,

So to end gloriously — once to shout, thereafter be
mute :

“ Athens is saved ! ” — Pheidippides dies in the shout
for his meed.

THE RESCUE OF LYGIA¹

HENRY SIENKIEWICZ

WHEN the news went forth that the end of the games was approaching, and that the last of the Christians were to die at an evening spectacle, a countless audience assembled in the amphitheatre.

Cæsar arrived earlier than usual; and immediately at his coming people whispered that something uncommon would happen, that a novel kind of punishment was intended for the Christian princess, Lygia.

So every eye was turned with strained gaze to the place where the young tribune Vinicius, her unfortunate lover, was sitting. He was exceedingly pale, and his forehead was covered with drops of sweat. Formerly he was resigned to the divine will in everything. Now, without clear consciousness of what was happening in his mind, he had the feeling that if he should see Lygia tortured, his love for God would be turned to hatred, and his faith to despair. But he was amazed at the feeling, for he feared to offend Christ, whom he was imploring for mercy and miracles. As a man falling over a precipice grasps at everything which grows on the edge of it, so did he grasp at the thought that faith of itself could save her. Peter had said that faith could move the earth to its foundations.

Hence he rallied; he crushed doubt in himself, he

¹ Arranged from "Quo Vadis"; translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. By permission of the publishers, Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

compressed his whole being into the sentence, "I believe," and he looked for a miracle.

The prefect of the city waved a red handkerchief, the hinges opposite Cæsar's podium creaked, and out of the dark gully came the giant, Ursus, into the brightly lighted arena.

At sight of him a murmur passed along every bench. In Rome there was no lack of gladiators larger by far than the common measure of man, but Roman eyes had never seen the like of Ursus. The people gazed with the delight of experts at his mighty limbs as large as tree-trunks, at his breast as large as two shields joined together, and his arms of a Hercules.

He was unarmed, and had determined to die as became a confessor of the "Lamb," peacefully and patiently. So he knelt on the arena, joined his hands, and raised his eyes toward the stars which were glittering in the lofty opening of the amphitheatre.

That act displeased the crowds. They had had enough of those Christians who died like sheep. They understood that, if the giant would not defend himself, the spectacle would be a failure. Here and there hisses were heard.

Suddenly came the shrill sound of brazen trumpets, and at that signal a grating opposite Cæsar's podium was opened, and into the arena rushed, amid shouts of beast-keepers, an enormous German aurochs, bearing on his head the naked body of a woman.

"Lygia! Lygia!" cried Vinicius.

Then he seized his hair near the temples, squirmed like a man who feels a sharp dart in his body, and began to repeat in hoarse accents:—

"I believe! I believe! O Christ, a miracle!"

"I believe! I believe! I believe!"

The amphitheatre was silent, for in the arena something uncommon had happened. That Lygian, obedient and ready to die, when he saw his queen on the horns of the wild beast, sprang up, as if touched by living fire, and bending forward, ran at the raging animal.

From all throats a sudden cry of amazement was heard as the Lygian fell on the raging bull in a twinkling, and seized him by the horns.

All ceased to breathe. In the amphitheatre a fly might be heard on the wing. People could not believe their own eyes. Since Rome was Rome, no one had seen such a spectacle.

The man's feet sank in the sand to his ankles, his back was bent like a drawn bow, his head was hidden between his shoulders, on his arms the muscles came out so that the skin almost burst from their pressure; but he had stopped the bull in his tracks. And the man and the beast remained so still that the spectators thought themselves looking at a picture showing a deed of Hercules or Theseus, or a group hewn from stone. But in that apparent repose there was a tremendous exertion of two struggling forces. The bull sank his feet, as well as did the man, in the sand, and his dark, shaggy body was curved so that it seemed a gigantic ball. Which of the two would fall first?

In the amphitheatre were men who had raised their arms and remained in that posture. Sweat covered the faces of others, as if they themselves were struggling with the beast. In the Circus nothing was heard save the sound of flame in the lamps, and the crackle of bits of coal as they dropped from the torches. It seemed to all that the struggle was lasting for ages. But the man and the beast continued on in their mon-

strous exertion; one might have said that they were planted in the earth.

Meanwhile a dull roar resembling a groan was heard from the arena, after which a brief shout was wrested from every throat, and again there was silence. People thought themselves dreaming till the enormous head of the bull began to turn in the iron hands of the barbarian. The face, neck, and arms of the Lygian grew purple; his back bent still more. It was clear that he was rallying the remnant of his superhuman strength, but that he could not last long.

Duller and duller, hoarser and hoarser, more and more painful grew the groan of the bull as it mingled with the whistling breath from the breast of the giant. The head of the beast turned more and more, and from his jaws crept forth a long, foaming tongue.

A moment more, and to the ears of spectators sitting nearer came as it were the crack of breaking bones; then the beast rolled on the earth with his neck twisted in death.

The giant removed in a twinkling the ropes from the horns of the bull and, raising the maiden, began to breathe hurriedly. For a moment he stood as if only half conscious; then he raised his eyes and looked at the spectators.

The amphitheatre had gone wild.

The walls of the building were trembling from the roar of tens of thousands of people. Since the beginning of spectacles there was no memory of such excitement. Everywhere were heard cries for mercy, passionate and persistent, which soon turned into one unbroken thunder. That giant had become dear to those people enamoured of physical strength; he was the first personage in Rome.

He understood that the multitude were striving to grant him his life and restore him his freedom, but clearly his thought was not on himself alone. Approaching Cæsar's podium, and, holding the body of the maiden on his outstretched arms, he raised his eyes with entreaty, as if to say, —

“Have mercy on her ! Save the maiden ; I did that for her sake !”

Vinicius started up from his seat, sprang over the barrier which separated the front places from the arena, and, running to Lygia, covered her naked body with his toga.

Then he tore apart the tunic on his breast, laid bare the scars left by wounds received in the Armenian war, and stretched out his hands to the audience.

At this the enthusiasm of the multitude passed everything seen in a circus before. The crowd stamped and howled. Voices calling for mercy grew simply terrible. People not only took the part of the athlete, but rose in defence of the soldier, the maiden, their love. Thousands of spectators turned to Cæsar with flashes of anger in their eyes and with clinched fists.

But Cæsar halted and hesitated.

Now rage began to possess the multitude. Dust rose from beneath the stamping feet, and filled the amphitheatre. In the midst of shouts were heard cries : “Ahenobarbus ! matricide ! incendiary !”

Cæsar was alarmed. Romans were absolute lords in the Circus. He understood that to oppose longer was dangerous. A disturbance in the Circus might seize the whole city, and have results incalculable.

He looked once more ; and seeing everywhere frowning brows, excited faces, and eyes fixed on him, he gave the sign for mercy.

Then a thunder of applause was heard from the highest seats to the lowest. The people were sure of the lives of the condemned, for from that moment they went under their protection, and even Cæsar would not have dared to pursue them any longer with his vengeance.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN ¹

A TALE OF '98, AS RELATED BY AN IRISH PEASANT

JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU

JIST after the war, in the year '98,
As soon as the Boys wor all scattered and bate,
'T was the custom, whenever a peasant was got,
To hang him by trial — barrin' such as was shot.
An' the bravest an' hardiest Boy iv them all
Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town iv Glingall.

An' it's he was the Boy that was hard to be caught,
An' it's often he run, an' it's often he fought;
But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must
rest,

An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best.
Afther many a brave action of power and pride,
An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,
An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,
In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Well, as soon as a few weeks were over and gone,
The terrible day iv the thrial kem on;
There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand,
An' sojers on guard, an' Dragoons sword-in-hand;
An' the courthouse so full that the people were both-
ered,
An' attorneys an' criers on the point iv bein' smoth-
ered;

¹ An abridgment of the poem.

An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,
An' the judge settled out so detarmined an' big
With his gown on his back, and an illegant wig ;
An' silence was called, an' the minute 't was said
The court was as still as the heart of the dead,
An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,
An' Shamus O'Brien kem into the dock.

For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,
An' he looked at the bars so firm and so strong,
An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,
A chance to escape, nor a word to defend ;
An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
As calm and as cold as a statue of stone ;
An' they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,
An' Jim did n't understand it nor mind it a taste ;
An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, and he says,
"Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av you plase ?"
An' all held their breath in the silence of dhread,
An' Shamus O'Brien made answer and said :

"My lord, if you ask me, if in my lifetime
I thought any treason, or did any crime
That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear,
Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow
Before God and the world I would answer you, No !
But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
If in the Rebellion I carried a pike,
An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,
An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,
I answer you, Yes ; and I tell you again,
Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that
then

In her cause I was willin' my veins should run dhry,
An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,
An' the judge was n't sorry the job was made light ;
By my sowl, it's himself was the crabbed ould chap !
In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.

Then Shamus's mother, in the crowd standin' by,
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry :

“ O judge ! darlin', don't, O, don't say the word !
The crather is young, have mercy, my lord ;
He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin' ;
You don't know him, my lord — oh, don't give him to
ruin !

He's the kindest crathur, the tindherest-hearted ;
Don't part us forever, we that's so long parted !
Judge mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,
An' God will forgive you — oh, don't say the word ! ”

That was the first minute O'Brien was shaken,
When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken ;

An' down his pale cheeks, at the words of his mother,
The big tears wor runnin' fast, one afther th' other ;
An' two or three times he endeavored to spake,
But the sthrong manly voice used to falther and break ;
But at last, by the strength of his high-mountin' pride,
He conquered and mastered his grief's swelling tide.
“ An', ” says he, “ mother, darlin', don't break your
poor heart,

For, sooner or later, the dearest must part ;
An' God knows it's better than wand'ring in fear
On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild
deer,

To lie in the grave, where the head, heart, and breast,
From labor and sorrow, forever shall rest.
Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,

Don't make me seem broken, in this my last hour ;
For I wish, when my head 's lyin' undher the raven,
No throe man can say that I died like a craven ! ”
Then toward the Judge Shamus bent down his head,
An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.
The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky ;
But why are the men standin' idle so late ?
An' why do the crowds gather fast in the strate ?
What come they to talk of ? what come they to see ?
An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-
tree ?

O Shamus O'Brien ! pray fervent and fast,
May the saints take your soul, for this day is your
last ;
Pray fast an' pray sthrong, for the moment is nigh,
When sthrong, proud, an' great as you are, you must
die !

At last they threw open the big prison-gate,
An' out came the sheriffs and sojers in state,
An' a cart in the middle an' Shamus was in it,
Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute.
An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,
Wid prayin' and blessin', and all the girls cryin',
A wild, sailin' sound kem on by degrees,
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through
trees.

On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
An' the cart an' the sojers go steadily on ;
An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
A wild, sorrowful sound, that id open your heart.
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand ;

An' the priest, havin' blest him, goes down on the
ground,
An' Shamus O'Brien throws one last look around.

Then the hangman dhrew near, an' the people grew
still,

Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turned
chill ;

An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
For the grip of the life-strangling cord to prepare ;
An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last
prayer.

But the good priest did more, for his hands he un-
bound,

An' with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the
ground ;

Bang ! bang ! go the carbines, and clash go the sabers ;
He's not down ! he's alive ! now stand to him, neigh-
bors !

Through the smoke and the horses he's into the
crowd, —

By the heavens, he's free ! — than thunder more loud,
By one shout from the people the heavens were
shaken —

One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.

The sojers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,

An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat ;

To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,

An' the devil's in the dice if you catch him ag'in.

Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,

But if you want hangin', it's yourselves you must
hang.

MICHAEL STROGOFF, COURIER OF THE CZAR

JULES VERNE

THE door of the imperial cabinet was opened and General Kissoff was announced.

"The courier?" inquired the Czar eagerly.

"He is here, sire," replied General Kissoff.

"Let him come in," said the Czar.

In a few moments Michael Strogoff, the courier, entered. The Czar fixed a penetrating look upon him without uttering a word. Then in an abrupt tone, —

"Thy name?"

"Michael Strogoff, sire."

"Thy rank?"

"Captain in the Corps of Couriers to the Czar."

"Thou dost know Siberia?"

"I am a Siberian."

"A native of —?"

"Omsk, sire."

"Hast thou relations there?"

"Yes, sire, my aged mother."

The Czar suspended his questions for a moment; then pointed to a letter which he held in his hand: "Here is a letter which I charge thee, Michael Strogoff, to deliver into the hands of the Grand Duke, and to no one but him."

"I will deliver it, sire."

"The Grand Duke is at Irkutsk. Thou wilt have to traverse a rebellious country, invaded by Tartars, whose interest it will be to intercept this letter."

"I will traverse it."

"Above all, beware of the traitor, Ivan Ogareff, who will perhaps meet thee on the way."

"I will beware of him."

"Wilt thou pass through Omsk?"

"Sire, that is my route."

"If thou dost see thy mother, there will be the risk of being recognized. Thou must not see her!"

Michael Strogoff hesitated a moment, and then said: "I will not see her."

"Swear to me that nothing will make thee acknowledge who thou art, nor whither thou art going."

"I swear it."

"Michael Strogoff, take this letter. On it depends the safety of all Siberia, and perhaps the life of my brother, the Grand Duke."

"This letter shall be delivered to His Highness, the Grand Duke."

"Go, thou, for God, for the Czar, and for your native land."

The courier saluted his sovereign and that very night set out to fulfill his perilous mission. All went well until he reached Omsk. Compelled to stop here for food and a change of horses, he was about to leave the posting-house to continue his journey when suddenly a cry made him tremble—a cry which penetrated to the depths of his soul,—and these two words rushed into his ear: "My son!"

His mother, the old woman, Marfa, was before him! Trembling she smiled upon him and stretched forth her arms to him. Michael Strogoff stepped forward; he was about to throw himself—when the thought of duty, the serious danger to himself and mother, in this unfortunate meeting, stopped him, and so great

was his self-command that not a muscle of his face moved. There were twenty people in the public room, and among them perhaps spies, and was it not known that the son of Marfa Strogoff belonged to the Corps of Couriers to the Czar? Michael Strogoff did not move.

“Michael!” cried his mother.

“Who are you, my good woman?”

“Who am I? Dost thou no longer know thy mother?”

“You are mistaken; a resemblance deceives you.”

Marfa went up to him, and looking straight into his eyes, said: “Art thou not the son of Peter and Marfa Strogoff?”

Michael would have given his life to have locked his mother in his arms. But if he yielded now, it was all over with him, with her, with his mission, with his oath. Completely master of himself, he closed his eyes that he might not see the inexpressible anguish of his mother.

“I do not know, in truth, what it is you say, my good woman.”

“Michael!”

“My name is not Michael. I never was your son! I am Nicholas Kopanoff, a merchant of Irkutsk.”

And suddenly he left the room, while for the last time the words echoed in his ears, —

“My son! My son!”

Michael Strogoff by a desperate effort had gone. He did not see his old mother, who had fallen back almost inanimate on a bench. But when the Postmaster hastened to assist her, the aged woman raised herself. Suddenly the thought occurred to her: She denied by her own son! It was impossible! As for being de-

ceived, it was equally impossible. It was certainly her son whom she had just seen ; and if he had not recognized her it was because he had some strong reason for acting thus. And then, her mother-feelings arising within her, she had only one thought : Can I unwittingly have ruined him ?

" I am mad," she said to her interrogators. " This young man was not my son ; he had not his voice. Let us think no more of it. If we do, I shall end in finding him everywhere."

This scene, however, was immediately reported to Ivan Ogareff, who was stationed in the town. He at once arrested Michael Strogoff, and then had Marfa brought before him. Marfa, standing before Ivan Ogareff, drew herself up, crossed her arms on her breast, and waited.

" You are Marfa Strogoff ? " asked Ogareff.

" Yes."

" Do you retract what you said a few hours ago ? "

" No."

" Then you do not know that your son, Michael Strogoff, Courier to the Czar, has passed through Omsk ? "

" I do not know it."

" And the man whom you thought you recognized as your son was not your son ? "

" He was not my son."

" And since then, have you seen him among the prisoners ? "

" No."

" If he were pointed out to you, would you recognize him ? "

" No."

" Listen ! Your son is here, and you shall immediately point him out to me."

"No."

"All these men will file before you, and if you do not show me Michael Strogoff, you shall receive as many blows from the knout as men shall have passed before you."

On an order from Ogareff, the prisoners filed one by one past Marfa, who was immovable as a statue, and whose face expressed only perfect indifference. Michael was to all appearances unmoved, but the palms of his hands bled under the nails which were pressed into the flesh.

Marfa, seized by two soldiers, was forced on her knees on the ground. Her dress torn off left her back bare. A sabre was placed before her breast at a few inches' distance. If she bent beneath her sufferings, her breast would be pierced by the sharp steel. The Tartar drew himself up and waited.

"Begin," said Ogareff.

The whip whistled through the air, but, before it fell, a powerful hand stopped the Tartar's arm. Ivan Ogareff had succeeded.

"Michael Strogoff!" cried he.

"Himself!" said Michael, and raising the knout, he struck Ogareff a blow across the face.

"Blow for blow!" said he.

Twenty soldiers threw themselves on Michael and in another instant he would have been slain, but Ogareff stopped them.

"This man is reserved for the Emir's judgment. Search him."

The letter bearing the imperial arms was found in Michael's bosom; he had not had time to destroy it. It was handed to Ogareff. Michael was then led before the Emir.

"Your forehead to the ground!" exclaimed Ogareff.

"No!"

Two soldiers tried to make him bend, but were themselves laid on the ground by a blow from Michael's fist.

"Who is this prisoner?" asked the Emir.

"A Russian spy," answered Ogareff.

In asserting that Michael was a spy, he knew that the sentence would be terrible. The Emir made a sign, at which all bowed low their heads. Then he pointed to the Koran which was brought to him. He opened the sacred book, and placing his finger on one of its pages, read in a loud voice a verse ending in these words: "And he shall no more see the things of this earth."

"Russian spy, you have come to see what is going on in the Tartar camp; then look while you may! You have seen for the last time. In an instant your eyes will be for ever shut to the light of day."

Michael's fate was to be not death but blindness. He was going to be blinded in the Tartar fashion, with a hot sabre-blade passed before his eyes.

The Emir's orders executed, Ivan Ogareff approached Michael, drew from his pocket the Imperial letter, opened it and held it up before the face of the Czar's courier, saying with supreme irony:—

"Read, now, Michael Strogoff, read, and go and repeat at Irkutsk what you have read. The true courier of the Czar is henceforth Ivan Ogareff."

The Emir retired with his train. Ivan followed after and sightless Michael was left alone to his fate. One thought possessed him. He must somehow arrive at Irkutsk before the traitor and warn the Grand Duke of the intended deception.

Some months later Michael Strogoff had reached his journey's end! He was in Irkutsk. Hastening to the governor's palace to see the Grand Duke, he meets in a waiting room Ivan Ogareff the traitor. The latter must act quickly. Ogareff rose, and thinking he had an immeasurable advantage over the blind man threw himself upon him. But with one hand Michael grasps the arm of his enemy and hurls him to the ground. Ogareff gathers himself together like a tiger about to spring, and utters not a word. The noise of his footsteps, his very breathing, he tries to conceal from the blind man. At last, with a spring, he drives his sword full blast at Michael's breast. An imperceptible movement of the blind man's knife turns aside the blow. Michael is not touched, and coolly waits a second attack. Cold drops stand on Ogareff's brow; he draws back a step and again leaps forward. But like the first, this attempt fails. Michael's knife has parried the blow from the traitor's useless sword. Mad with rage and terror, he gazes into the wide-open eyes of the blind man. Those eyes which seem to pierce to the bottom of his soul, and which do not, cannot, see, exercise a sort of dreadful fascination over him.

Suddenly Ogareff utters a cry: "He sees! He sees!"

"Yes, I see. Thinking of my mother, the tears which sprang to my eyes saved my sight. I see the mark of the knout which I gave you, traitor and coward! I see the place where I am about to strike you! Defend your life! It is a duel I offer you! My knife against your sword!"

Ogareff now feels that he is lost, but, mustering up all his courage, he springs forward. The two blades cross, but at a touch from Michael's knife the sword

flies in splinters, and the wretch, stabbed to the heart, falls lifeless to the ground.

At the same moment the door is thrown open, and the Grand Duke, accompanied by some of his officers, enters. The Grand Duke advances. In the body lying on the ground he recognizes the man whom he believes to be the Czar's courier. Then in threatening voice, —

“Who killed this man?”

“I,” answered Michael.

“Thy name? Who dares kill the servant of my brother, the Czar's courier?”

“That man, your highness, is not a courier of the Czar! He is Ivan Ogareff!”

“Ivan Ogareff!”

“Yes, Ivan the traitor.”

“But who are you, then?”

“Michael Strogoff.”

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

MOUNTED on Kyrat strong and fleet,
His chestnut steed with four white feet,
Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
Son of the road and bandit chief,
Seeking refuge and relief,
Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,
Never yet could any steed
Reach the dust-cloud in his course.
More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold and next to life
Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erzeroum and Trebizond,
Garden-girt his fortress stood;
Plundered khan, or caravan
Journeying north from Koordistan,
Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore
Men at arms his livery wore,
Did his bidding night and day;
Now, through regions all unknown,
He was wandering, lost, alone,
Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,
Sheer the precipice descends,
 Loud the torrent roars unseen ;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm ; on air must ride
 He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,
At the precipice's foot
 Reyhan the Arab of Orfah
Halted with his hundred men,
Shouting upward from the glen,
 "La Illáh illa Alláh!"

Gently Roushan Beg caressed
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast ;
 Kissed him upon both his eyes,
Sang to him in his wild way,
As upon the topmost spray
 Sings a bird before it flies.

"O my Kyrat, O my steed,
Round and slender as a reed,
 Carry me this peril through !
Satin housings shall be thine,
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,
 O thou soul of Kurroglou !

"Soft thy skin as silken skein,
Soft as woman's hair thy mane,
 Tender are thine eyes and true ;
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
Polished bright ; O life of mine,
 Leap, and rescue Kurroglou !"

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,
 Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace
 Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the ocean surge o'er sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
 Kyrat safe his rider bore;
Rattling down the deep abyss
Fragments of the precipice
 Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasselled cap of red
Trembled not upon his head,
 Careless sat he and upright;
Neither hand nor bridle shook,
Nor his head he turned to look,
 As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,
Seen a moment like the glare
 Of a sword drawn from its sheath;
Thus the phantom horseman passed,
And the shadow that he cast
 Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath
While this vision of life and death
 Passed above him. "Allahu!"
Cried he. "In all Koordistan
Lives there not so brave a man
 As this Robber Kurroglou!"

THE REVENGE

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

I

AT Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from
far away :

“Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-
three!”

Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: “’Fore God I am
no coward;

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of
gear,

And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow
quick.

We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-
three?”

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: “I know you are
no coward;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.

But I’ve ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.

I should count myself the coward if I left them, my

Lord Howard,

To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain.”

III

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war
that day,

Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer
heaven;

But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from
the land

Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below ;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not
left to Spain,
To the thumb-screw and the stake, for the glory of
the Lord.

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and
to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard
came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather
bow.

“ Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die !
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be
set.”

And Sir Richard said again: “ We be all good Eng-
lish men.

Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the
devil,

For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet.”

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a
hurrah, and so

The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the
foe,

With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety
sick below ;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left
were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane
between.

VI

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their
decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad
little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hun-
dred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning
tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

VII

And while now the great San Philip hung above us
like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the star-
board lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself
and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill
content ;

And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us
hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and
musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that
shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far
over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and
the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built
galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-
thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with
her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so
could fight us no more —
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world
before?

X

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer
night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly
dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the
head,
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

XI

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far
 over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us
 all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd
 that we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them
 stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder
 was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die — does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink her, split her
 in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of
 Spain!"

XII

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the seamen
 made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,

And the Lord hath spared our lives.

We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to
let us go ;

We shall live to fight again and to strike another
blow."

And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the
foe.

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore
him then,

Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard
caught at last,

And they praised him to his face with their courtly
foreign grace ;

But he rose upon their decks, and he cried :

"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant
man and true ;

I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.

With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die !"

And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant
and true,

And had holden the power and glory of Spain so
cheap

That he dared her with one little ship and his Eng-
lish few ;

Was he devil or man ? He was devil for aught they
knew,

But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,

And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien
crew,

And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her
own ;

When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke
from sleep,

And the water began to heave and the weather to
moan,

And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-
quake grew,

Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their
masts and their flags,

And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shat-
ter'd navy of Spain,

And the little Revenge herself went down by the
island crags

To be lost evermore in the main.

BUCK WINS A WAGER¹

JACK LONDON

THAT winter, at Dawson, Buck performed another exploit, not so heroic, perhaps, but one that put his name many notches higher on the totem-pole of Alaskan fame. It was brought about by a conversation in the Eldorado Saloon, in which men waxed boastful of their favorite dogs. Buck, because of his record, was the target for these men, and Thornton was driven stoutly to defend him. At the end of half an hour one man stated that his dog could start a sled with five hundred pounds and walk off with it; a second bragged six hundred for his dog; and a third, seven hundred.

"Pooh! pooh!" said John Thornton; "Buck can start a thousand pounds."

"And break it out? and walk off with it for a hundred yards?" demanded Matthewson, a Bonanza king, he of the seven hundred vaunt.

"And break it out, and walk off with it for a hundred yards," John Thornton said coolly.

"Well," Matthewson said, slowly and deliberately, so that all could hear, "I've got a thousand dollars that says he can't. And there it is."

So saying, he slammed a sack of gold dust of the size of a bologna sausage down on the bar.

Nobody spoke. Thornton's bluff, if bluff it was,

¹ Arranged from "The Call of the Wild." Copyright, 1903, by Jack London; copyright, 1912, by The Macmillan Company.

had been called. He could feel a flush of warm blood creeping up his face. His tongue had tricked him. He did not know whether Buck could start a thousand pounds. Half a ton! The enormousness of it appalled him. He had great faith in Buck's strength and had often thought him capable of starting such a load; but never, as now, had he faced the possibility of it, the eyes of a dozen men fixed upon him, silent and waiting. Further, he had no thousand dollars; nor had Hans or Pete.

"I've got a sled standing outside now, with twenty fifty-pound sacks of flour on it," Matthewson went on with brutal directness; "so don't let that hinder you."

Thornton did not reply. He did not know what to say. He glanced from face to face in the absent way of a man who has lost the power of thought and is seeking somewhere to find the thing that will start it going again. The face of Jim O'Brien, a Mastodon king and old-time comrade, caught his eyes. It was as a cue to him, seeming to rouse him to do what he would never have dreamed of doing.

"Can you lend me a thousand?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

"Sure," answered O'Brien, thumping down a plethoric sack by the side of Matthewson's. "Though it's little faith I'm having, John, that the beast can do the trick."

The Eldorado emptied its occupants into the street to see the test. Matthewson's sled, loaded with a thousand pounds of flour, had been standing for a couple of hours, and in the intense cold (it was sixty below zero) the runners had frozen fast to the hard-packed snow. A quibble arose concerning the phrase "break out." O'Brien contended it was Thornton's privilege

to knock the runners loose, leaving Buck to "break it out" from a dead standstill. Matthewson insisted that the phrase included breaking the runners from the frozen grip of the snow. A majority of the men who had witnessed the making of the bet decided in his favor, whereat the odds went up to three to one against Buck.

The team of ten dogs was unhitched, and Buck, with his own harness, was put into the sled. He had caught the contagion of the excitement, and he felt that in some way he must do a great thing for John Thornton. He was in perfect condition, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, and the one hundred and fifty pounds that he weighed were so many pounds of grit and virility. The great breast and heavy fore legs were no more than in proportion to the rest of the body, where the muscles showed in tight rolls underneath the skin. Men felt these muscles and proclaimed them hard as iron, and the odds went down to two to one.

"Gad, sir! Gad, sir!" stuttered a member of the latest dynasty, a king of the Skookum Benches. "I offer you eight hundred for him, sir, before the test, sir; eight hundred just as he stands."

Thornton shook his head and stepped to Buck's side.

"You must stand off from him," Matthewson protested. "Free play and plenty of room."

Thornton knelt down by Buck's side. He took his head in his two hands and rested cheek on cheek. He did not playfully shake him, as was his wont, or murmur soft love curses; but he whispered in his ear. "As you love me, Buck! As you love me!" was what he whispered. Buck whined with suppressed eagerness.

As Thornton got to his feet, Buck seized his tightened hand between his jaws, pressing in with his teeth and releasing slowly, half reluctantly. It was the answer, in terms, not of speech, but of love. Thornton stepped well back.

"Now, Buck," he said.

Buck tightened the traces, then slacked them for a matter of several inches. It was the way he had learned.

"Gee!" Thornton's voice rang out, sharp in the tense silence.

Buck swung to the right, ending the movement in a plunge that took up the slack and with a sudden jerk arrested his one hundred and fifty pounds. The load quivered, and from under the runners arose a crisp crackling.

"Haw!" Thornton commanded.

Buck duplicated the manoeuvre, this time to the left. The crackling turned into a snapping, the sled pivoting and the runners slipping and grating several inches to the side. The sled was broken out. Men were holding their breaths, intensely unconscious of the fact.

"Now, MUSH!"

Thornton's command cracked out like a pistol-shot. Buck threw himself forward, tightening the traces with a jarring lunge. His whole body was gathered compactly together in the tremendous effort, the muscles writhing and knotting like live things under the silky fur. His great chest was low to the ground, his head forward and down, while his feet were flying like mad, the claws scarring the hard-packed snow in parallel grooves. The sled swayed and trembled, half-started forward. One of his feet slipped, and one man

groaned aloud. Then the sled lurched ahead half an inch — an inch — two inches. . . . The jerks perceptibly diminished; as the sled gained momentum, he caught them up, till it was moving steadily along.

Men gasped and began to breathe again, unaware that for a moment they had ceased to breathe. Thornton was running behind, encouraging Buck with short, cheery words. The distance had been measured off, and as he neared the pile of firewood which marked the end of the hundred yards, a cheer began to grow and grow, which burst into a roar as he passed the firewood and halted at command. Every man was tearing himself loose, even Matthewson. Hats and mittens were flying in the air. Men were shaking hands, it did not matter with whom, and bubbling over in a general incoherent babel.

But Thornton fell on his knees beside Buck. Head was against head, and he was shaking him back and forth. Those who hurried up heard him cursing Buck, and he cursed him long and fervently, and softly and lovingly.

“Gad, sir! Gad, sir!” spluttered the Skookum Bench king. “I’ll give you a thousand for him, sir, a thousand, sir — twelve hundred, sir.”

Thornton rose to his feet. His eyes were wet. The tears were streaming frankly down his cheeks. “Sir,” he said to the Skookum Bench, “no, sir. You can go to the devil, sir. It’s the best I can do for you, sir.”

THE HIGHWAYMAN¹

ALFRED NOYES

THE wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty
trees,

The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy
seas,

The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple
moor,

And the highwayman came riding —
Riding — riding —

The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

He 'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch
of lace at his chin,

A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown
doe-skin ;

They fitted with never a wrinkle : his boots were up
to the thigh !

And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,

His pistol butts a-twinkle,

His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark
inn-yard,

And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all
was locked and barred ;

He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be
waiting there

¹ Copyright 1913, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
 Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark-red love-knot into her long black
 hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket
 creaked
Where Tim the ostler listened ; his face was white and
 peaked ;
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy
 hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
 The landlord's red-lipped daughter.
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber
 say, —

“ One kiss, my bonny sweetheart ; I 'm after a prize
 to-night,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the
 morning light ;
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through
 the day,
Then look for me by moonlight,
 Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should
 bar the way.”

He rose upright in the stirrups ; he scarce could reach
 her hand,
But she loosened her hair i' the casement ! His face
 burnt like a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over
 his breast ;

And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,
 (Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and gal-
loped away to the West.

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at
noon;
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the
moon,
When the road was a gipsy's ribbon, looping the pur-
ple moor,
A red-coat troop came marching —
 Marching — marching —
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-
door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale
instead,
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the
foot of her narrow bed;
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at
their side!
There was death at every window;
 And hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road
that he would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a snig-
gering jest;
They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel
beneath her breast!
“Now keep good watch!” and they kissed her. She
heard the dead man say, —

Look for me by moonlight ;

 Watch for me by moonlight ;

I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should
 bar the way !

She twisted her hands behind her ; but all the knots
 held good !

She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with
 sweat or blood !

They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the
 hours crawled by like years,

Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,

 Cold, on the stroke of midnight,

The tip of one finger touched it ! The trigger at least
 was hers !

The tip of one finger touched it ; she strove no more
 for the rest !

Up, she stood up to attention, with the barrel beneath
 her breast,

She would not risk their hearing ; she would not
 strive again ;

For the road lay bare in the moonlight ;

 Blank and bare in the moonlight ;

And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed
 to her love's refrain.

Tlot-tlot ; tlot-tlot ! Had they heard it ? The horse-
 hoofs ringing clear ;

Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot, in the distance ? Were they deaf
 that they did not hear ?

Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the
 hill,

The highwayman came riding, —

Riding, — riding ! —

The red-coats looked to their priming ! She stood up,
straight and still !

Flot-flot, in the frosty silence ! Flot-flot, in the echo-
ing night !

Nearer he came and nearer ! Her face was like a light !
Her eyes grew wide for a moment ; she drew one last
deep breath,

Then her finger moved in the moonlight,

Her musket shattered the moonlight,

Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned
him — with her death.

He turned ; he spurred to the West ; he did not know
who stood

Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with
her own red blood !

Not till the dawn he heard it, his face grew gray to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,

The landlord's black-eyed daughter,

Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died
in the darkness there.

Back he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to
the sky,

With the white road smoking behind him and his
rapier brandished high !

Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon ; wine-red
was his velvet coat,

When they shot him down on the highway,

Down like a dog on the highway,

And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the
bunch of lace at his throat.

And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind
is in the trees,

When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon
cloudy seas,

When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple
moor,

A highwayman comes riding —

Riding — riding —

A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.

Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark
inn-yard ;

He taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is
locked and barred ;

He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be
waiting there

But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,

Bess, the landlord's daughter,

Plaiting a dark-red love-knot into her long black hair.

THE DEATH OF STEERFORTH¹

CHARLES DICKENS

IT was broad day — eight or nine o'clock ; the storm raging, and some one knocking and calling at my door.

“ What is the matter ? ” I cried.

“ A wreck ! Close by ! ”

I sprung out of bed, and asked what wreck ?

“ A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her ! It's thought, down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment.”

The excited voice went clamoring along the staircase ; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street.

Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction, to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattooed arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us !

¹ Arranged from “ David Copperfield.”

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging. Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for, as the ship, which was broadside on, turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

Four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprung wildly over and turned towards the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned, and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

They were making out to me, in an agitated way — I don't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand — that

the life-boat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him — as well as I know, to repeat my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was by a sight so new to me and terrible, the determination in his face, and his look out to sea — exactly the same look as I remembered in connexion with the morning after Emily's flight — awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms; and implored the men with whom I had been speaking, not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand!

Another cry arose on shore; and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph around the active figure left alone upon the mast.

Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind.

"Mas'r Davy," he said cheerily, grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 't is come. If 't an't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make me ready! I'm a going off!"

The wreck, even to my unpractised eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still, he clung to it. He had a

singular red cap on, — not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer color ; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipated death-knell rung, he was seen by all of us to wave it. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water ; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam ; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood ; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free, — or so I judged from the motion of his arm, — and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in towards the shore, borne on towards the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it, — when a high, green, vast hill-side of water came moving on shoreward, from beyond the ship. He seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone !

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot

where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet — insensible — dead. He was carried to the nearest house ; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration were tried ; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

As I sat beside the bed, when hope was abandoned and all was done, a fisherman, who had known me when Emily and I were children, and ever since, whispered my name at the door.

“Sir,” said he, with tears starting to his weather-beaten face, which, with his trembling lips, was ashy pale, “will you come over yonder?”

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me was in his look. I asked him, terror-stricken, leaning on the arm he held out to support me : —

“Has a body come ashore?”

He said, “Yes.”

“Do I know it?” I asked then.

He answered nothing.

But he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where Emily and I had looked for shells, two children — on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind — among the ruins of the home he had wronged — I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE¹

(1571)

JEAN INGELOW

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
“Pull, if ye never pulled before!
Good ringers, pull your best!” quoth he.
“Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells,—
Play uppe, ‘The Brides of Enderby!’”

I sat and spun within the doore;
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day’s golden death,
She moved where Lindis wandereth,—
My sonne’s faire wife, Elizabeth.

“Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!” calling
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
“Cusha! Cusha!” all along
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
Faintly came her milking song.

¹ Abridged.

“Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!” calling,
“For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe, Whitefoot; come uppe, Lightfoot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow, —
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe, Whitefoot; come uppe, Lightfoot;
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed.”

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where, full fyve good miles away,
The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country-side,
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds, where their sedges are,
Moved on in sunset's golden breath;
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till, floating o'er the grassy sea,
Came downe that kyndly message free,
“The Brides of Mavis Enderby.”

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.

They sayde, "And why should this thing be,
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys, warping down, —
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby?'"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again, —
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea-wall (he cried) is downe;
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play,
Afar I heard her milking-song."
He looked across the grassy sea
To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre¹ reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud, —
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat
Before a shallow, seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon-light
Stream from the church-tower, red and high —
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I — my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth!"

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;

¹ *Eygre* (ā'-gur), an immense tidal wave.

The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!

To manye more than myne and mee:
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dewes be falling.
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth,
Where the water, winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy, lonesome shore.
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow!"

Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow!
Come uppe, Whitefoot! come uppe, Lightfoot!
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow!
Come uppe, Lightfoot! rise and follow;
 Lightfoot! Whitefoot!
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe, Jetty! follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed!"

THE SACRIFICE OF SYDNEY CARTON¹

CHARLES DICKENS

IN the black prison of the Conciergerie, the doomed of the day awaited their fate.

Charles Darnay, alias Evrémonde, alone in a cell, had sustained himself with no flattering delusion since he came to it from the Tribunal.

Nevertheless, it was not easy, with the face of his beloved wife fresh before him, to compose his mind to what it must bear.

The hours went on as he walked to and fro, and the clocks struck the numbers he would never hear again. Nine gone for ever, ten gone for ever, eleven gone for ever, twelve gone for ever.

He had been apprised that the fatal hour was three, and he knew he would be summoned some time earlier, inasmuch as the tumbrils jolted heavily and slowly through the streets. Therefore, he resolved to keep two before his mind, as the hour, and so to strengthen himself in the interval that he might be able, after that time, to strengthen others.

Footsteps in the stone passage, outside the door. He stopped. The key was put in the lock and turned.

The door was quickly opened and closed, and there stood before him, face to face, quiet, intent upon him, with the light of a smile on his features and a cautionary finger on his lip, Sydney Carton.

“I am accidentally possessed of a power over one of

¹ Arranged from “A Tale of Two Cities.”

the keepers here, and in virtue of it I stand before you. I come from her — your wife, dear Darnay.

“I bring you a request from her.

“You have no time to ask me why I bring it, or what it means; I have no time to tell you. You must comply with it — take off those boots you wear, and draw on these of mine.”

There was a chair against the wall of the cell, behind the prisoner. Carton, pressing forward, had already, with the speed of lightning, got him down into it, and stood over him barefoot.

“Draw on these boots of mine. Quick!”

“Carton, there is no escaping from this place; it never can be done. You will only die with me. It is madness.”

“It would be madness if I asked you to escape; but do I? Change that cravat for this of mine, that coat for this of mine. While you do it, let me take this ribbon from your hair, and shake out your hair like this of mine!”

With wonderful quickness, and with a strength both of will and action, that appeared quite supernatural, he forced all these changes upon him. The prisoner was like a young child in his hands.

“Carton! Dear Carton! It is madness. It cannot be accomplished, it never can be done, it has been attempted, and has always failed. I implore you not to add your death to the bitterness of mine.”

“Do I ask you, my dear Darnay, to pass the door? When I ask that, refuse. There are pen and ink and paper on this table. Is your hand steady enough to write?”

“It was, when you came in.”

“Steady it again, and write what I shall dictate. Quick, friend, quick!”

Pressing his hand to his bewildered head, Darnay sat down at the table. Carton, with his right hand in his breast, stood close beside him.

"Write exactly as I speak."

Carton was drawing his hand from his breast; the prisoner chancing to look up in his hurried wonder as he wrote, the hand stopped, closing upon something.

"Is that a weapon in your hand?" Darnay asked.

"No; I am not armed."

"What is it in your hand?"

"You shall know directly. Write on; there are but a few words more." He dictated again. As he did so, with his eyes fixed on the writer, his hand slowly and softly moved down close to the writer's face.

The pen dropped from Darnay's fingers on the table, and he looked about him vacantly.

"What vapor is that?" he asked.

"Vapor?"

"Something that crossed me?"

"I am conscious of nothing; there can be nothing here. Take up the pen and finish. Hurry, hurry!"

As if his memory were impaired, or his faculties disordered, the prisoner made an effort to rally his attention. As he looked at Carton with clouded eyes and with an altered manner of breathing, Carton—his hand again in his breast—looked steadily at him.

"Hurry, hurry!"

The prisoner bent over the paper once more.

Carton's hand was again watchfully and softly stealing down. He looked at the pen, and saw that it was trailing off into unintelligible signs.

Carton's hand moved back to his breast no more. The prisoner sprang up, with a reproachful look, but Carton's hand was close and firm at his nostrils, and Carton's left arm caught him round the waist. For a few seconds he faintly struggled with the man who had come to lay down his life for him; but, within a minute or so, he was stretched insensible on the ground.

Quickly, but with hands as true to the purpose as his heart was, Carton dressed himself in the clothes the prisoner had laid aside, combed back his hair, and tied it with the ribbon the prisoner had worn. Then, he softly called, "Enter there! Come in!" and the Spy presented himself.

"Now, get assistance and take me to the coach."

"You?" said the Spy, nervously.

"Him, man, with whom I have exchanged. You go out at the gate by which you brought me in?"

"Of course."

"I was weak and faint when you brought me in, and I am fainter now you take me out. The parting interview has overpowered me. Such a thing has happened here, often, and too often. Your life is in your own hands. Quick! Call assistance!"

The Spy withdrew, and returned immediately, with two men.

They raised the unconscious figure, placed it on a litter they had brought to the door, and bent to carry it away.

The door closed, and Carton was left alone. Straining his powers of listening to the utmost, he listened for any sound that might denote suspicion or alarm. There was none. Keys turned, doors clashed, footsteps passed along distant passages: no cry was raised,

or hurry made, that seemed unusual. Breathing more freely in a little while, he sat down at the table, and listened again until the clocks struck two.

Sounds that he was not afraid of, for he divined their meaning, then began to be audible. Several doors were opened in succession, and finally his own. A gaoler, with a list in his hand, looked in, merely saying, "Follow me, Evrémonde"; and he followed.

Along the Paris streets, the death-carts rumble, hollow and harsh. Six tumbrils carry the day's wine to La Guillotine.

On the steps of a church, awaiting the coming-up of the tumbrils, stands the Spy. He looks into the first of them: not there. He looks into the second: not there. He already asks himself, "Has he sacrificed me?" when his face clears, as he looks into the third.

"Which is Evrémonde?" said a man behind him.

"That. At the back there."

The man cries, "Down, Evrémonde! To the Guillotine all aristocrats! Down, Evrémonde!"

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the furrow ploughed among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of execution, and end. The ridges thrown to this side and to that, now crumble in and close behind the last plough as it passes on, for all are following to the Guillotine. In front of it seated in chairs as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women, busily knitting.

The tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash! — A head is held up, and the knitting-women who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count One.

The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash!—And the knitting-women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count Two.

The supposed Evrémonde descends.

“I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.”

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away; and the knitting-women count Three.

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man’s face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

If he had given any utterance to his thoughts, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:—

“I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss.

“I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous and happy, in that England which I shall see no more. I see Her with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name.

“I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence.

“I see that child who lay upon her bosom and who bore my name, a man, winning his way up in that path of life which once was mine. I see him winning it so well, that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it, faded away. I see him, foremost of just judges and honored men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know and golden hair, to this place—and I hear

him tell the child my story, with a tender and faltering voice.

“It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done ; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known.”

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR¹

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

THEN spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :

“I think that we

Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.

I perish by this people which I made, —
Tho’ Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more ; but let what will be, be.

I am so deeply smitten thro’ the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.

Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword — and how I row’d across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king ;
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known.
But now delay not : take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere :
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word.”

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch’d the sword,

¹ Abridged.

And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath :
“ My end draws nigh ; 't is time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin ; Quick, quick !
I fear it is too late, and I shall die.”
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them ; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream — by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold : and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmured Arthur, “ Place me in the barge ” ;
So to the barge they came. There those three Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls —
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne — were parch'd with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
“ Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth, companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.”

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now, farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest — if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt) —
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb
E'en to the highest he could climb, and saw,
Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,
Down that long water opening on the deep
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less and vanish into light.
And the new sun rose, bringing the new year.

THE JUGGLER OF TOURAINE¹

EDWIN MARKHAM

I

ONCE in the time of Louis the King
Happened a smiling and holy thing.
'Twas all in the outdoor days of old,
Days that fancy has warmed with gold,
Days that are gone with the leaves, alas!
When the light-legged juggler Barnabas
From city to wondering city went,
Sprinkling the world with his merriment.

One eve, on the edge of a lonely town,
As the clouds drove by and the rain shot down,
Poor Barnabas, hugging his knives and balls,
And seeking a bed in the cattle stalls,
Fell in with a friar from the cloistral halls —
“How is it, son,” said the beaming friar,
“That a grasshopper green is your winter tire?
Are you trigged for the clown in a mystery play?
Are you out as a droll till the break o’ day?”
“Father,” said Barnabas, “this that you see,
This is the kill-care Barnabas, he
Who has lighted with laughter a hundred towns,
Driving before him the phlegms and frowns —

¹ Abridged. First published in the December number of the *Century Magazine*, 1907. Reprinted from “The Shoes of Happiness and Other Poems,” Doubleday, Page & Co., 1915. By permission of the author and the publisher.

Lord of the revels ; but now, ah, now,
Blown in the wind as a leafless bough.
Oh, the juggler's trade would the sweetest be
Of all in the world, if bread were free!"

"Beware," said the friar, "beware, my son:
The cloistral trade is the sweetest one.
For the friars keep orison day and night,
And join the song of the souls in light,
And the Seven Throne Angels burning white." —
"Father, my tongue ran loose and long:
Your trade is the sweetest: I did God wrong.

It is much to dance with a feather thin
Or a crooked sword on the upturned chin,
And to get the laugh and the rat-tat-tat,
When I pull the hen out of Gaston's hat.
But little are these to the cloistral ways,
Where long hours go to Our Lady's praise;
Where the pale friars pass with feet unshod,
And the bread is changed to the body of God.
Oh, would that I might the great hours know,
Where the Sanctus sounds and the gray monks go,
And the candles burn in a saintly row!"

So simply told was the wistful tale
That the word of the juggler had avail.
"Come," said the friar, "to the cloistral rest;
For the God who gives to the bird a nest,
And guides the worm on its lampless quest,
Has sent me out on the edge of night
To lead your soul to the place of light."
Sweet as the sound of a sudden stream
That cools the heat of a traveler's dream,

So sweet was the sound of the friendly word
The weary heart of the juggler heard.
That night he entered the convent door,
That night he slept on the frater's floor.
He had found a home for his heart at last,
And the piteous chance of the road was past.

II

Lightly and still went the busy days
Where each one toiled in Our Lady's praise.
But to laud in marble, to praise in brass,
To honor in color, poor Barnabas,
Nothing of these could he do, alas!
As leaves on a desert his learning was scant;
He knew neither litany, credo, nor chant;
Nor Pater, nor Ave — not even a prayer,
Like a sheep of the field, like a hawk of the air.

So morning by morning the young friar slipped
Through doors and halls to a secret crypt,
And kneeling low at the altar cried:
“O Madam and Mother, O Virgin Bride,
Here am I only a tethered ox,
Eating the grass of the useful flocks!
The choir can sing, and the deacons read
The Gospel to scatter the living seed.
Others can praise where the censers swing,
And the white smoke circles, ring on ring.
And the learnèd can laud you with art and craft,
In the Latin chant and the marble shaft.
But I, poor Barnabas, nothing can I,
But drone in the sun as a drowsy fly.”

So the year crept on till a white dawn came
When a thought flashed over his soul like flame;
And he leaped from his cell all legs and arms,
Filling the cloister with looks and alarms,
As he shot his way to the chapel dim,
Running for joy in the heart of him.
And when he came out of the hidden place,
A light as of stars was over his face.
Now day after day to the secret crypt,
He sped light-foot as the old earth dipped
Softly and still in the fire of dawn;
For the restless pain of his heart was gone.

The friars were a-flutter that this should be,
Till at last the Prior with two or three —
Elders and fraters of high degree —
Followed the juggler on tipping toe,
Their breath held mightily, hoping to know.
And they heard him cry at Our Lady's shrine:
“All that I am, Madam, all is thine!
Again I am come with spangle and ball
To lay at your altar my little, my all.
The friars know all of the saints — what they do;
But of all up in Heaven, I know only you!
Of holy St. Francis a little I've heard,
But not of St. Plato or Peter a word.
I know not Quintilian — nothing he said
Of the Three and the One, and the Wine and the
Bread.

Ah, nothing know I of the holy books,
And nothing of paints to put beautiful looks
Of your eyes on the wall, nor the blowing of brass
To make sound of my love — ah, nothing, alas,
But the trade of the wandering Barnabas.

Yet, Lady and Queen, if my heart would live,
I must give the gift that I have to give."

And then the eyes of the elders shone,
As they peered from the shade of a pillared stone;
For laying his friar's robe tenderly by,
He flickers as light as a dragon-fly.

Then whirls into many a whimsical shape,
As once he had whirled with the crowd agape
And softly he cried as his breath came quick:

"Look down, for, O Madam, this is the trick
I did at Toulon, when I took the eye
Of the King himself as he galloped by. . . .
This trick drew a duchess at Châteauroux. . . .
But this is the one I have made for you!"

So flinging his feet in the air, he stands,
Or goes and comes on his nimble hands,
Or tosses the balls up to twinkle and run
Like planets that circle about a sun.

"Lady," he cries again, "look, I entreat:
I worship with fingers and body and feet!"

At this all the elders mutter and chide:

"Nothing like this do the rules provide!
This is a scandal, this is a shame,
This madcap prank in Our Lady's name.
Out of the doors with him; back to the street:
He has no place at Our Lady's feet!"
But why do the elders suddenly quake,
Their eyes a-stare and their knees a-shake?
Down from the rafters arching high,
Her blowing mantle blue with the sky —
Lightly down from the dark descends
The Lady of Beauty, and lightly bends

Where Barnabas lies in the altar place,
And wipes the dew from his shining face;
Then touching his hair with a look of light,
Passes again from the mortal sight.
An odor of lilies hallows the air;
And sounds as of harpings are everywhere.

“Ah,” cry the elders, beating the breast,

“So the lowly deed is a lofty test!

And whatever is done from the heart to Him
Is done from the height of the Seraphim!”

A TRAGEDY IN MILLINERY¹

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

AUNT Miranda sat by the window with her lap full of sewing things. In one hand was the ancient, battered, brown felt turban, and in the other were the orange and black porcupine quills from Rebecca's last summer's hat, from the hat of the summer before that, and the summer before that, and so on back to pre-historic ages.

"If I was going to buy a hat trimmin's," she said, "I could n't select anything better or more economical than these quills! Your mother had 'em when she was married, and you wore 'em the day you come to the brick house from the farm; and I said to myself then that they looked kind of outlandish, but I've grown to like 'em now I've got used to 'em. You've been here for goin' on two years and they've hardly be'n out o' wear, summer or winter, more'n a month to a time! I declare they do beat all for service! The black spills are 'bout as good as new, but the orange ones are gittin' a little mite faded and shabby. I wonder if I could n't dip all of 'em in shoe blackin'? How do you like 'em on the brown felt?" she asked, inclining her head in a discriminating attitude and poising them awkwardly on the hat with her work-stained hand.

Miss Sawyer had not been looking at Rebecca, but the child's eyes were flashing, her bosom heaving, and her cheeks glowing with sudden rage and despair. She

¹ Arranged from "New Chronicles of Rebecca."

forgot that she was speaking to an older person; forgot that she was dependent; forgot everything but her disappointment; and suddenly, quite without warning, she burst into a torrent of protest.

"I will not wear those hateful porcupine quills again this winter! I will not! It's wicked, wicked to expect me to! Oh! how I wish there never had been any porcupines in the world, or that all of them had died before silly, hateful people ever thought of trimming hats with them! They curl round and tickle my ear! They blow against my cheek and sting it like needles! They do look outlandish; you said so yourself a minute ago. Nobody ever had any but only just me! The only porcupine was made into the only quills for me and nobody else! I wish instead of sticking out of the nasty beasts, that they stuck into them, same as they do into my cheek! I suffer, suffer, suffer, wearing them and hating them; and they will last forever and forever, and when I'm dead and can't help myself, somebody'll rip them out of my last year's hat and stick them on my head, and I'll be buried in them! Well, when I am buried they will be, that's one good thing! Oh, if I ever have a child I'll let her choose her own feathers and not make her wear ugly things like pigs' bristles and porcupine quills!"

With this lengthy tirade Rebecca vanished like a meteor, through the door and down the street, while Miranda Sawyer gasped for breath, and prayed to Heaven to help her understand such human whirlwinds as this Randall niece of hers.

This was at three o'clock, and at half-past three Rebecca was kneeling on the rag carpet with her head in her aunt's apron, sobbing her contrition.

"Oh! Aunt Miranda, do forgive me if you can. It's

the only time I've been bad for months! You know it is! Something broke inside of me and came tumbling out of my mouth in ugly words! The porcupine quills make me feel just as a bull does when he sees a red cloth; nobody understands how I suffer with them!"

Miranda Sawyer had learned a few lessons in the last two years, lessons which were making her a trifle kinder, and at any rate a juster woman than she used to be.

"Well," she said finally, after staring first at Rebecca and then at the porcupine quills, as if to gain some insight into the situation, "well, I never, sence I was born int' the world, heerd such a speech as you've spoke, an' I guess there probably never was one. You'd better tell the minister what you said and see what he thinks of his prize Sunday-school scholar. But I'm too old and tired to scold and fuss, and try to train you same as I did at first. You've apologized and we won't say no more about it to-day, but I expect you to show by extry good conduct how sorry you be! You care altogether too much about your looks and your clothes for a child, and you've got a temper that'll certainly land you in state's prison some o' these days!"

Rebecca wiped her eyes and laughed aloud. "No, no, Aunt Miranda, it won't really! That was n't temper; I don't get angry with people; but only, once in a long while, with things; like those—cover them up quick before I begin again!"

Miss Miranda looked at her searchingly and uncomprehendingly.

"Have you seen me buyin' any new bunnits, or your Aunt Jane?" she asked cuttingly. "Is there any

particular reason why you should dress better than your elders? You might as well know that we're short of cash just now, your Aunt Jane and me, and have no intention of riggin' you out like a Milltown fact'ry girl."

"Oh-h!" cried Rebecca, the quick tears starting again to her eyes and the color fading out of her cheeks, as she scrambled up from her knees to a seat on the sofa beside her aunt. "Oh-h! how ashamed I am! Quick, sew those quills on to the brown turban while I'm good! If I can't stand them I'll make a neat little gingham bag and slip over them!"

And so the matter ended.

One day, not long afterward, Miss Miranda borrowed Mr. Perkins's horse and wagon and took Rebecca with her on a drive to Union.

The red-winged black hat was forcibly removed from Rebecca's head just before starting, and the nightmare turban substituted.

"You might as well begin to wear it first as last," remarked Miranda, while Jane stood in the side door and sympathized secretly with Rebecca.

It was a cold blustering day, with a high wind that promised to bring an early fall of snow.

"I'm glad I wore my Paisley shawl over my cloak," said Miranda. "Be you warm enough, Rebecca? The wind fairly blows through my bones. I most wish't we'd waited till a pleasanter day. Keep your mind on your drivin', Rebecca. Go awful slow down this hill and walk the hoss over Cook's Brook bridge, for I always suspicion it's goin' to break down under me. Had n't you better get out and lead —"

The rest of the sentence was very possibly not vital, but at any rate it was never completed, for in the

middle of the bridge a fierce gale of wind took Miss Miranda's Paisley shawl and blew it over her head. Rebecca had the whip and the reins, and in trying to rescue her struggling aunt could not steady her own hat, which was suddenly torn from her head and tossed against the bridge rail, where it trembled and flapped for an instant.

"My hat! oh! Aunt Miranda, my hateful hat!" cried Rebecca, never remembering at the instant how often she had prayed that the "fretful porcupine" might some time vanish in this violent manner, since it refused to die a natural death.

The stiff brown turban rose in the air, then dropped and flew along the bridge; Rebecca pursued; it danced along and stuck between two of the railings; Rebecca flew after it, her long braids floating in the wind.

"Come back! Come back! Don't leave me alone with the team. I won't have it! Come back, and leave your hat!"

Rebecca heard, but her spirit being in arms, she made one more mad scramble for the vagrant hat.

It was no use; the wind gave the hat an extra whirl, it soared above the bridge-rail and disappeared into the rapid water below.

"Get in again!" cried Miranda, holding on her bonnet. "You done your best and it can't be helped, I only wish 't I'd let you wear your black hat as you wanted to; and I wish 't we'd never come such a day!"

It was not till next morning that Rebecca's heart really began its song of thanksgiving. Her Aunt Miranda announced at breakfast, that, as Mrs. Perkins was going to Milliken's Mills, Rebecca might go too, and buy a serviceable hat.

Rebecca rose from her chair happier than the seraphs in Paradise.

The porcupine quills had disappeared from her life, and without any fault or violence on her part. She was wholly innocent and virtuous, but nevertheless she was going to have a new hat.

“Whene’er I take my walks abroad,
How many hats I’ll see ;
But if they’re trimmed with hedgehog quills
They’ll not belong to me!”

So she improvised, secretly and ecstatically, as she went towards the side entry.

“There’s ’Bijah Flagg drivin’ in,” said Miss Miranda, going to the window. “Step out and see what he’s got, Jane; some passel from the Squire, I guess.”

Abijah Flagg alighted and approached the side door with a grin.

“Guess what I’ve got for ye, Rebecky?”

“Oh! I can’t, ’Bijah; I’m just going to Milliken’s Mills on an errand, and I’m afraid of missing Mrs. Perkins. Show me quick! Is it really for me, or for Aunt Miranda?”

“Reely for you, I guess!” And he opened the large brown paper bag and drew from it the remains of a water-soaked hat!

Miss Miranda, full of curiosity, joined the group in the side entry at this dramatic moment.

“Well, I never!” she exclaimed. “Where, and how under the canopy, did you ever?”

“I was working on the dam at Union Falls yesterday,” chuckled Abijah, “an’ I seen this little bunnit skippin’ over the water. ‘Where hev I seen that kind of a bristlin’ plume?’ thinks I.”

“Then it come to me that I ’d drove that plume to school and drove it to meetin’ an’ drove it to the Fair an’ drove it most everywheres on Becky. So I reached out a pole an’ ketched it ’fore it got in amongst the logs an’ come to any damage, an’ here it is! The hat’s passed in its checks, I guess; looks kind as if a wet elephant had stepped on it; but the plume’s ’bout’s good as new! I reely fetched the hat back for the sake o’ the plume.”

“Well, I do say,” Miranda exclaimed, “and I guess I’ve said it before, that of all the wearin’ plumes that ever I see, that one’s the wearin’est! Bijah’s right; the hat ain’t no more use, Rebecca, but you can buy you another this mornin’—any color or shape you fancy—an’ have Miss Morton sew these brown quills on to it with some kind of a buckle or a bow, jest to hide the roots. Then you’ll be fixed for another season, thanks to ’Bijah.”

The next day Rebecca, taking off her new hat with the venerable trimming, laid it somewhat ostentatiously upside down on the kitchen table and left the room.

When Aunt Miranda looked curiously into the new hat, she found that a circular paper lining was neatly pinned in the crown, and that it bore these lines:—

It was the bristling porcupine;
As he stood on his native heath,
He said, “I’ll pluck me some immortelles
And make me up a wreath.
For tho’ I may not live myself
To more than a hundred and ten,
My quills will last till crack of doom,
And maybe after then.
They can be colored blue or green
Or orange, brown, or red,

But often as they may be dyed

They never will be dead."

And so the bristling porcupine

As he stood on his native heath,

Said, "I think I'll pluck me some immortelles

And make me up a wreath."

R. R. R.

THE POOR FISHER FOLK¹

VICTOR HUGO

'T is night ; within the close-shut cabin-door
The room is wrapped in shade, save where there fall
Some twilight rays that creep along the floor,
And show the fisher's nets upon the wall.

In the dim corner, from the oaken chest,
A few white dishes glimmer ; through the shade
Stands a tall bed with dusky curtains dressed,
And a rough mattress at its side is laid.

Five children on the long low mattress lie —
A nest of little souls, it heaves with dreams ;
In the high chimney the last embers die,
And redden the dark roof with crimson gleams.

The mother kneels and thinks, and, pale with fear,
She prays alone, hearing the billows shout ;
While to wild winds, to rocks, to midnight drear,
The ominous old ocean sobs without.

Janet is sad : her husband is alone,
Wrapped in the black shroud of this bitter night :
His children are so little, there is none
To give him aid. " Were they but old, they might."
Ah, mother, when they too are on the main,
How wilt thou weep, " Would they were young
again ! "

¹ Abridged. Translated from the French by H. W. Alexander.

She takes her lantern, — 't is his hour at last ;
She will go forth, and see if the day breaks,
And if his signal-fire be at the mast ;
Ah no, — not yet ! — no breath of morning wakes.

Sudden her human eyes, that peer and watch
Through the deep shade, a mouldering dwelling
find.

No light within, — the thin door shakes, — the thatch
O'er the green walls is twisted of the wind,
Yellow and dirty as a swollen rill.

" Ah me," she saith, " here doth that widow dwell ;
Few days ago my good man left her ill ;
I will go in and see if all be well."

She strikes the door ; she listens ; none replies,
And Janet shudders. " Husbandless, alone,
And with two children, — they have scant supplies, —
Good neighbor ! She sleeps heavy as a stone."

She calls again, she knocks ; 't is silence still, —
No sound, no answer ; suddenly the door,
As if the senseless creature felt some thrill
Of pity, turned, and open lay before.

She entered, and her lantern lighted all
The house so still, but for the rude waves' din.
Through the thin roof the plashing rain-drops fall,
But something terrible is couched within.

Half clothed, dark-featured, motionless lay she,
The once strong mother, now devoid of life ;
Dishevelled spectre of dead misery, —
All that the poor leaves after his long strife.

The mother o'er her children, as they lay,
Had cast her gown, and wrapped her mantle's fold ;
Feeling chill death creep up, she willed that they
Should yet be warm while she was lying cold.

Rocked by their own weight, sweetly sleep the twain,
With even breath and foreheads calm and clear ;
So sound that the last trump might call in vain,
For, being innocent, they have no fear.

And why does Janet pass so fast away?
What hath she done within that house of dread ?
What foldeth she beneath her mantle gray,
And hurries home, and hides it in her bed ?
With half-averted face, and nervous tread,
What hath she stolen from the awful dead ?

“ Ah, my poor husband ! we had five before ;
Already so much care, so much to find,
For he must work for all. I give him more.
What was that noise ? His step ? Ah no, the wind.

“ That I should be afraid of him I love !
I have done ill. If he should beat me now,
I would not blame him. Did not the door move ?
Not yet, poor man.” She sits with careful brow,
Wrapped in her inward grief ; nor hears the roar
Of winds and waves that dash against his prow,
Nor the black cormorant shrieking on the shore.

Sudden the door flies open wide and lets.
Noisily in the dawn-light scarcely clear,
And the good fisher dragging his damp nets
Stands on the threshold with a joyous cheer.

"'T is thou!" she cries, and eager as a lover
Leaps up, and holds her husband to her breast.
Her greeting kisses all his vesture cover.
"'T is I, good wife!" and his broad face expressed

How gay his heart that Janet's love made light.
"What weather was it?" "Hard." "Your fishing?"
"Bad.

The sea was like a nest of thieves to-night;
But I embrace thee, and my heart is glad.

"There was a devil in the wind that blew;
I tore my net, caught nothing, broke my line,
And once I thought the bark was broken too;
What did you all the night long, Janet mine?"

She, trembling in the darkness, answered, "I?
Oh, naught! I sewed, I watched, I was afraid;
The waves were loud as thunders from the sky:
But it is over." Shyly then she said:—

"Our neighbor died last night; it must have been
When you were gone. She left two little ones,
So small, so frail,—William and Madeline;
The one just lisps, the other scarcely runs."

The man looked grave, and in the corner cast
His old fur bonnet, wet with rain and sea;
Muttered awhile, and scratched his head,—at last,
"We have five children, this makes seven," said he.

"Already in bad weather we must sleep
Sometimes without our supper. Now—Ah, well,
'T is not my fault. These accidents are deep;
It was the good God's will. I cannot tell.

“ Why did he take the mother from those scraps,
No bigger than my fist? ’Tis hard to read;
A learned man might understand perhaps, —
So little, they can neither work nor need.

“ Go fetch them, wife; they will be frightened sore,
If with the dead alone they waken thus;
That was the mother knocking at our door,
And we must take the children home to us.

“ Brother and sister shall they be to ours,
And they shall learn to climb my knee at even.
When He shall see these strangers in our bowers,
More fish, more food will give the God of heaven.

“ I will work harder; I will drink no wine —
Go fetch them. Wherefore dost thou linger, dear?
Not thus were wont to move those feet of thine.”
She drew the curtain, saying, “ They are here.”

THE FAMINE¹

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

O THE long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,

¹ From "Hiawatha."

And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them !

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy ;
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water ;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said : " Behold me !
I am Famine, Bukadawin ! "

And the other said : " Behold me !
I am Fever, Ahkosewin ! "

And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer ;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha ;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness ;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.

Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

“Gitche Manito, the Mighty!”
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
“Give your children food, O Father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!”

Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
“Minnehaha! Minnehaha!”

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne’er forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,
“I will follow you, my husband!”

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests, that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She, the dying Minnehaha.

“Hark!” she said; “I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,

Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,

"'T is the night-wind in the pine-trees!"

"Look!" she said; "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,

"'T is the smoke that waves and beckons!"

"Ah!" said she, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:

"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!

Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,

Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha ;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks ;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine ;
Covered her with snow, like ermine ;
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks ;
From his sleepless bed uprising,

From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.
“Farewell!” said he, “Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!”

MY DOUBLE AND HOW HE UNDID ME¹

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

I AM, or rather was, a minister. I was settled in an active, wide-awake town in the State of Maine. A charming place it was and is. A spirited, brave young parish had I; and it seemed as if we might have all "the joy of eventful living" to our hearts' content. But I had not been at work a year before I found I was living two lives — one real and one merely functional — for two sets of people, one my parish, whom I loved, and the other a vague public, for whom I did not care two straws.

Crazed by this duality of life, I first read Dr. Wigan on the "Duality of the Brain," hoping that I could train one side of my head to do these outside jobs, and the other to do my intimate and real duties. I failed. It was then that, on my wife's suggestion, I resolved to look out for a double.

I was, at first, singularly successful. We happened to be recreating at Stafford Springs that summer. We rode out one day, for one of the relaxations of that watering-place, to the great Monson Poorhouse. We were passing through one of the large halls when my destiny was fulfilled.

He was not shaven. He had on no spectacles. But I saw at once that he was of my height. He had black hair, worn off by his hat. So have and have not I. He stooped in walking. So do I. His hands were large, and mine. And — choicest gift of Fate in all —

¹ Abridged.

he had a cut from a juvenile brickbat over his right eye, slightly affecting the play of that eyebrow. So have I! My fate was sealed.

A word with Mr. Holley, one of the inspectors, settled the whole thing. It proved that this Dennis Shea was a harmless, amiable fellow, of the class known as shiftless. We applied to Judge Pyncheon, then the Probate judge of the county, to change the name of Dennis Shea to Frederic Ingham, explaining that an eccentric gentleman wished to adopt Dennis, under this new name, into his family. And thus, when we returned to my parsonage, there entered Mrs. Ingham, myself, who am Mr. Frederic Ingham, and my double, who was Mr. Frederic Ingham by as good a right as I.

Oh, the fun we had the next morning in shaving his beard to my pattern, cutting his hair to match mine, and teaching him how to wear and how to take off gold-bowed spectacles. Then in four successive afternoons I taught him four speeches.

1. "Very well, thank you. And you?" This for an answer to casual salutations.

2. "I am very glad you liked it."

3. "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time."

4. "I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room."

I launched him by sending him to a meeting of the Enlightenment Board. The Double succeeded so well at the Board that I sent him again in my stead at the exhibition of the New Coventry Academy; and here he undertook a "speaking part." He returned covered with honors. He had dined at the right hand of the chairman, who expressed his interest in the exer-

cises. "I am very glad you liked it," said Dennis. When the Rev. Frederic Ingham was called upon for a speech, Dennis arose and said, "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time."

After this he went to several Commencements for me and ate the dinners provided; he attended several clergymen's meetings, he sat through three of our quarterly conventions, always voting judiciously with the minority as I had instructed him to do. And I, meanwhile, who had before been losing caste among my friends, as holding myself aloof from the associations of the body, began to rise in everybody's favor. "Ingham's a good fellow, always on hand"; "he comes early and sits through to the end"; "never talks much but does the right thing at the right time," etc., etc.

Thus far I never had any difficulty with my Double. Polly is more rash than I am, and she had even risked Dennis at the Governor's annual party. I made the grand star-entrée with Polly, did the agreeable to the Governor's wife, complimented Judge Jeffries on his latest decision; and then, when I stepped out into the dressing-room for a moment, while I walked home, Mr. Frederic Ingham, my Double, stepped in through the library into the grand saloon.

Polly nearly died of laughing as she told me at midnight how Dennis took Mrs. Jeffries down to dinner. A little excited then, he attempted one or two of his speeches to the judge's lady. But little he knew how hard it was to get in even a *promptu* there edge-wise. "Very well, I thank you," said he, after the eating elements were adjusted; "and you?" And then did he not have to hear about the mumps, and

the measles, and arnica, and belladonna, and camomile-flower, till she changed oysters for salad; and then about the old practice and the new, and what her sister said, and what her sister's friend said, and then what was said by the brother of the sister of the physician of the friend of her sister?

After the Double had become a matter of course, for nearly twelve months before he undid me, what a year it was! Full of active life, full of happy love, of the hardest work, of the sweetest sleep, and the fulfilment of so many of the fresh aspirations and dreams of boyhood. Dennis went to every school-committee meeting and sat through all those wranglings which used to keep me up till midnight and awake till morning. He attended all the lectures and charity concerts for which tickets were sent me. He appeared everywhere where it was specially desirable that "our denomination," or "our party," or "our class," or "our family," or "our town," or "our state" should be fully represented. My calls on my parishioners became the friendly, frequent, homelike sociabilities that they were meant to be, instead of the hard work of a man goaded to desperation by the sight of his list of arrears. And preaching: what a luxury preaching was when I had ample time to prepare the sermon!

But all this could not last; and at length poor Dennis, overtaken in turn, undid me.

What happened was this. Governor Gorges was billed to speak at a certain civic function. An audience of a thousand people assembled. Poor Gorges came late, really ignorant of the object of the meeting. He opened it in the fewest possible words, and said other gentlemen were present who would enter-

tain them better than he. The audience were disappointed but waited. The Governor said, "The Hon. Mr. Delafield will address you." Delafield! He was playing at the chess-club. "The Rev. Mr. Auchmuty will address you." Auchmuty had promised to speak late, and had not yet arrived. "I see Dr. Stearns in the hall; perhaps he will say a word." Dr. Stearns said he had come to listen and not to speak.

The Governor looked at Dennis, who was resplendent on the platform. The look was enough. A miserable lad, ill-bred, thought it would sound well to call for me, and peeped out, "Ingham!" A few more wretches cried, "Ingham! Ingham!" The Governor knew I would say something and said: "Our friend Mr. Ingham is always prepared; and, though we had not relied upon him, will say a word, perhaps."

Applause followed which turned Dennis's head. He rose, fluttered, and tried No. 3: "There has been so much said, and, on the whole so well said, that I will not longer occupy the time!" and sat down, looking for his hat; for things seemed squally. But the people cried, "Go on! go on!" and some applauded. Dennis, still confused, but flattered by the applause, this time tried No. 2: "I am very glad you liked it!" in a sonorous, clear delivery.

My best friends stared. All the people who did not know me personally yelled with delight at the aspect of the evening. A boy in the gallery cried in a loud tone, "It's all an infernal humbug," just as Dennis, waving his hand, commanded silence and tried No. 4: "I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room." The poor Governor doubted his senses. The same gallery-boy shouted, "How's your mother?" and Dennis, now completely lost, tried, as his last

shot, No. 1, vainly: "Very well, thank you; and you?"

The audience rose in a whirl of amazement, rage, and sorrow. Some other impertinence, aimed at Dennis, broke all restraint, and, in pure Irish, he delivered himself of an address to the gallery, inviting any person who wished to fight to come down and do so, — stating that they were all dogs and cowards, and the sons of dogs and cowards, — that he would take any five of them single-handed. "Shure, I have said all his Riverence and the Misthress bade me say," cried he, in defiance; and, seizing the Governor's cane from his hand, brandished it above his head. He was, indeed, got from the hall only with the greatest difficulty by the Governor, the city marshal, and the superintendent of my Sunday School.

The universal impression, of course, was that the Rev. Frederic Ingham had lost all command of himself in some of those haunts of intoxication which for fifteen years I have been laboring to destroy. Till this moment, indeed, that is the impression. My Double has undone me.

TWO PAIR OF SHOES¹

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

ONE of the folks whom Jonadab and I met at the wedding of Ebenezer Dillaway's daughter was real sociable. His last name had a splice in the middle of it — 't was Catesby-Stuart. Everybody — that is, 'most everybody, — called him "Phil."

Somehow or 'nother Phil got Cap'n Jonadab talking "boat," and when Jonadab talks "boat" there ain't no stopping him. He's the smartest feller in a cat-boat that ever handled a tiller, and he's won more races than any man on the Cape, I cal'late. Phil asked him and me if we 'd ever sailed on an ice-boat, and, when we said we had n't, he asks if we won't take a sail with him on the river next morning. We did n't want to put him to so much trouble on our account, but he said: "Not at all. Pleasure 'll be all mine, I assure you." Well, 't was his for a spell — but never mind that now.

He introduced us to quite a lot of the comp'ny — men mostly. Then he began to show us off, so to speak, get Jonadab telling 'bout the boats he 'd sailed, or something like it; and them fellers would laugh and holler, but Phil's face would n't shake out a reef: he looked solemn as a fun'ral all the time. Jonadab and me begun to think we was making a great hit. Well, we was, but not the way we thought. I remem-

¹ Abridged. From "The Old Home House." Copyright, 1907, by A. S. Barnes & Company, N.Y.

ber one of the gang gets Phil to one side after a talk like this and whispers to him, laughing like fun. Phil says to him: "My dear boy, now that I've discovered something positively original, let me enjoy myself. The entertainment by the Heavenly Twins is only begun."

I did n't know what he meant then; I do now.

You see, when a green city chap comes to the Old Home House, — and the land knows there's freaks enough do come, — we always try to make things pleasant for him, and the last thing we'd think of was making him a show afore folks. But we was suspicious, a little.

"Barzilla," says Jonadab, when getting ready that night to turn in, "'t ain't possible that that feller with the sprained last name is having fun with us, is it?"

"Jonadab," says I, "I've been wondering that myself."

Next morning one of the stewards comes up to our room with some coffee and grub, and says that Mr. Catesby-Stuart requested the pleasure of our comp'ny on a afore-breakfast ice-boat sail, and would meet us at the pier in half an hour.

Phil and the ice-boat met us on time. I s'pose 't was style, but if I had n't known I'd have swore he'd run short of duds and had dressed up in the bed-clothes. I felt of his coat when he wa'n't noticing, and if it wa'n't made out of a blanket then I never slept under one. And it made me think of my granddad to see what he had on his head — a reg'lar nightcap, tassel and all.

That ice-boat was a bird. I cal'lated to know a boat when I sighted one, but a flat-iron on skates was something bran-new. I did n't think much of it, and I could see that Jonadab did n't neither.

But in about three shakes of a lamb's tail I was ready to take it all back and say I never said it. I done enough praying in the next half hour to square up for every Friday night meeting I 'd missed sence I was a boy. Phil got sail onto her, and we moved out kind of slow.

"Now, then," says he, "we 'll take a little jaunt up the river. 'Course this is n't like one of your Cape Cod cats, but still —"

And then I dug my finger-nails into the deck. Talk about going! 'T was *F-s-s-s-t!* and we was a mile from home; *B-u-z-z-z!* and we was just getting ready to climb a bank; but 'fore she nosed the shore Phil would put the helm over and we 'd whirl round like a wind-mill, with me and Jonadab biting the planking, and hanging on for dear life, and my heart, that had been up in my mouth, knocking the soles of my boots off. And Cap'n Phil Catesby-Stuart would grin, and drawl: "'Course, this ain't like a Orham cat-boat, but she does fairly well — er — fairly. Now, for instance, how does this strike you?"

It struck us — I don't think any got away. I expected every minute to land in the hereafter, and it got so that the prospect looked kind of inviting, if only to get somewheres where 't was warm. I could see why Phil was wearing the bed-clothes; what I was suffering for just then was a feather mattress on each side of me.

Well, me and Jonadab was "it" for quite a spell. Phil had all the fun, and I guess he enjoyed it. If he 'd stopped right then, when the fishing was good, I cal'late he 'd have fetched port with a full hold; but no, he had to rub it in, so to speak, and that's where he slopped over. You know how 't is when you're eat-

ing mince-pie — it's the "one more slice" that fetches the nightmare. Phil stopped to get that slice.

Just then along comes another feller in the same kind of hooker and gives us a hail. There was two chaps on the boat with him.

"Hello, Phil!" he yells, rounding his flat-iron into the wind abreast of ours and bobbing his night-cap. "I hoped you might be out. Are you game for a race?"

"Archie," answers our skipper, solemn as a setting hen, "permit me to introduce to you Cap'n Jonadab Wixon and Admiral Barzilla Wingate, of Orham, on the Cape.

"The Cap'n and the Admiral," says Phil, "having sailed the raging main for lo! these many years, are now favoring me with their advice concerning the navigation of ice-yachts. Archie, if you're willing to enter against such a handicap of brains and barnacles, I'll race you on a beat up to the point yonder, then on the ten-mile run afore the wind to the buoy opposite the Club, and back to the cove by Dillaway's. And we'll make it a case of wine. Is it a go?"

Archie, he laughed and said it was, and, all at once, the race was on.

Now, Phil had lied when he said we was "favoring" him with advice, 'cause we had n't said a word; but that beat up to the point wa'n't half over afore Jonadab and me was dying to tell him a few things. He handled that boat like a lobster. Archie gained on every tack and come about for the run a full minute afore us.

Cap'n Jonadab was on edge. Racing was where he lived, as you might say, and he fidgeted like he was setting on a pin-cushion. By and by he snaps out:—

“Keep her off! Keep her off afore the wind! Can’t you see where you’re going?”

Phil looked at him as if he was a graven image, and all the answer he made was; “Be calm, Barnacles, be calm!”

But pretty soon I could n’t stand it no longer, and I busts out with: “Keep her off, Mr. What’s-your name! For the Lord’s sake, keep her off! He’ll beat the life out of you!”

And all the good that done was for me to get a stare that was colder then the wind, if such a thing’s possible.

But Jonadab got fidgetyer every minute, and when we come out into the broadest part of the river, within a little ways of the buoy, he could n’t stand it no longer.

“You’re spilling half the wind!” he yells. “Pint her for the buoy or else you’ll be licked to death! Jibe her so’s she gits it full. Jibe her, you lubber! Don’t you know how? Here! let me show you!”

And the next thing I knew he fetched a hop like a frog, shoved Phil out of the way, grabbed the tiller, and jammed it over.

She jibed — oh, yes, she jibed! If anybody says she did n’t you send ’em to me. I give you my word that that flat-iron jibed twice — once for practice, I jedge, and then for business. I jest had sense enough to clamp my mittens onto the little brass rail by the stern and hold on; then she jibed the second time. She stood up on two legs, the boom come over with a slat that pretty nigh took the mast with it, and the whole shebang whirled around as if it had forgot something. I have a foggy kind of remembrance of locking my mitten clamps fast onto that rail while the rest of

me streamed out in the air like a burgee. Next thing I knew we was scooting back towards Dillaway's, with the sail catching every ounce that was blowing. Jonadab was braced across the tiller, and there, behind us, was the Honorable Philip Catesby-Stuart, flat on his back, with his blanket legs looking like a pair of compasses, and skimming in whirligigs over the slick ice towards Albany. He had n't had nothing to hold onto, you understand. Well, if I had n't seen it, I would n't have b'lieved that a human being could spin so long or travel so fast on his back. His legs made a kind of smoky circle in the air over him, and he'd got such a start I thought he'd never stop a-going. He come to a place where some snow had melted in the sun and there was a pond, as you might say, on the ice, and he went through that, heaving spray like one of them circular lawn-sprinklers the summer folks have. He'd have been as pretty as a fountain, if we'd had time to stop and look at him.

"For the land sakes, heave to!" I yelled, soon's I could get my breath. "You've spilled the skipper!"

"Skipper be durned!" howls Jonadab, squeezing the tiller and keeping on the course; "we'll come back for him by-and-by. It's our business to win this race."

And, by ginger! we did win it. We run up abreast of Dillaway's, putting on all the fancy frills of a liner coming into port, and there was Ebenezer and a whole crowd of wedding company down by the landing.

"Gosh!" says Jonadab, tugging at his whiskers, "'t was Cape Cod against New York that time, and you can't beat the Cape when it comes to getting over water, not even if the water's froze. Hey, Barzilla!"

Ebenezer came hopping over the ice towards us. He looked some surprised.

"Where 's Phil?" he says.

Now, I'd clean forgot Phil and I guess Jonadab had, by the way he colored up.

"Phil?" says he. "Phil? Oh, yes! We left him up the road a piece. Maybe we'd better go after him now."

And then along comes Archie and his crowd in the other ice-boat.

"Hi!" he yells. "Who sailed that boat of yours? He knew his business all right. I never saw anything better. Phil — Why, where is Phil?"

I answered him. "Phil got out when we jibed," I says.

"Was that Phil?" he hollers; and then the three of 'em just roared.

"Oh, by Jove, you know!" says Archie, "that 's the funniest thing I ever saw. And on Phil, too! He'll never hear the last of it at the club — hey, boys?"

When they'd gone, Jonadab turned to Ebenezer and he says: "That taking us out on this boat was another case of having fun with the countrymen. Hey?"

"I guess so," says Ebenezer Dillaway. "I b'lieve he told one of the guests that he was going to put Cape Cod on ice this morning."

I looked away up the river where a little black speck was just getting to shore. And I thought of how chilly the wind was out there, and how that ice-water must have felt, and what a long ways 't was from home. And then I smiled, slow and wide; there was a barge-load of joy in every half inch of that smile.

"It's a cold day when Phil loses a chance for a joke," says Ebenezer.

"Tain't exactly what you'd call summery just now," I says. And we hauled down sail, run the ice-boat up to the wharf, and went up to our room to pack our extension cases for the next train.

"You see," says Jonadab, putting in his other shirt, "it's easy enough to get the best of Cape folks on some things, but when it comes to boats that's a different pair of shoes."

"I guess Phil'll agree with you," I says.

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING- MACHINE¹

JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE

IF ever there lived a Yankee lad,
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
Who, seeing the birds fly, did n't jump
With flapping arms from stake or stump,
Or, spreading the tail
Of his coat for a sail,
Take a soaring leap from post or rail,
And wonder why
He could n't fly,
And flap and flutter and wish and try, —
If ever you knew a country dunce
Who did n't try that as often as once,
All I can say is, that 's a sign
He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green :
The son of a farmer, — age fourteen ;
His body was long and lank and lean, —
Just right for flying, as will be seen ;
He had two eyes, each bright as a bean,
And a freckled nose that grew between,
A little awry, — for I must mention
That he had riveted his attention
Upon his wonderful invention,

¹ Abridged.

Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,
 Working his face as he worked the wings,
 And with every turn of gimlet and screw
 Turning and screwing his mouth round too.

“ Birds can fly,
 An’ why can’t I?
 Must we give in,”
 Says he with a grin,
 “ ’T the bluebird an’ phœbe
 Are smarter ’n we be ?

Jest fold our hands an’ see the swaller
 An’ blackbird an’ catbird beat us holler?
 Does the leetle chatterin’, sassy wren,
 No bigger ’n my thumb, know more than men?
 Jest show me that!

Er prove ’t the bat
 Hez got more brains than ’s in my hat,
 An’ I’ll back down, an’ not till then ! ”

He argued further : “ Ner I can’t see
 What ’s th’ use o’ wings to a bumble-bee,
 Fer to git a livin’ with, more ’n to me ; —
 Ain’t my business
 Important ’s his’n is ?

“ That Icarus
 Was a silly cuss, —
 Him an’ his daddy Dædalus.
 They might ’a’ knowed wings made o’ wax
 Would n’t stan’ sun-heat an’ hard whacks.
 I’ll make mine o’ luther,
 Er suthin’ er other.”

And he said to himself as he tinkered and planned :
 “ But I ain’t goin’ to show my hand
 To nummies that never can understand
 The fust idee that ’s big an’ grand.

They ’d ’ a ’ laft an’ made fun
 O’ Creation itself afore ’t was done ! ”
 So he kept his secret from all the rest,
 Safely buttoned within his vest ;
 And in the loft above the shed
 Himself he locks, with thimble and thread
 And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,
 And all such things as geniuses use.

His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke
 And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk
 Around the corner to see him work, —
 Sitting cross-leggéd, like a Turk,
 Drawing the waxed end through with a jerk,
 And boring the holes with a comical quirk
 Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.
 But vainly they mounted each other’s backs,
 And poked through knot-holes and pried through
 cracks ;

With wood from the pile and straw from the
 stacks

He plugged the knot-holes and calked the cracks ;
 And a bucket of water, which one would think
 He had brought up into the loft to drink

When he chanced to be dry,
 Stood always nigh,
 For Darius was sly !

And whenever at work he happened to spy
 At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
 He let a dipper of water fly.

“ Take that! an’ ef ever ye git a peep,
 Guess ye ’ll ketch a weasel asleep! ”

So day after day
 He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,
 Till at last ’t was done, —
 The greatest invention under the sun!
 “ An’ now,” says Darius, “ hooray fer some fun! ”

’T was the Fourth of July,
 And the weather was dry,
 And not a cloud was on all the sky,
 Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,
 Half mist, half air,
 Like foam on the ocean went floating by:
 Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen
 For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.

Thought cunning Darius: “ Now I shan’t go
 Along ’ith the fellers to see the show.
 I’ll say I’ve got sich a terrible cough!
 An’ then, when the folks ’ave all gone off,
 I’ll hev full swing
 Fer to try the thing,
 An’ practyse a leetle on the wing.”

“ Ain’t goin’ to see the celebration?”
 Says Brother Nate. “ No; botheration!
 I’ve got sich a cold — a toothache — I —
 My gracious! — feel’s though I should fly!”

Said Jotham, “ ’Sho!
 Guess ye better go.”
 But Darius said, “ No!
 “ Should n’t wonder ’f yeou might see me, though,

'Long 'bout noon, ef I git red
 O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain 'n my head."
 For all the while to himself he said :—

“ I tell ye what !
 I'll fly a few times around the lot,
 To see how 't seems, then soon 's I've got
 The hang o' the thing, ez likely 's not,
 I'll astonish the nation,
 An' all creation,
 By flyin' over the celebration !
 Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle ;
 I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull ;
 I'll dance on the chimbleys ; I'll stan' on the
 steeple ;
 I'll flop up to winders an' scare the people !
 I'll light on the libbe'ty-pole, an' crow ;
 An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools below,
 'What world 's this 'ere
 That I've come near ?'
 Fer I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap f'm the moon !
 An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' bulloon."

He crept from his bed ;
 And, seeing the others were gone, he said,
 “ I'm a gittin' over the cold 'n my head.”
 And away he sped,
 To open the wonderful box in the shed.

His brothers had walked but a little way
 When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,
 “ What on airth is he up to, hey ? ”
 “ Don'o', — the' 's suthin' er other to pay,
 Er he wouldn't 'a' stayed to hum to-day.”

Says Burke, "His toothache's all 'n his eye!
He never 'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July,
 Ef he hed n't got some machine to try."
 Then Sol, the little one, spoke: "By darn!
 Le's hurry back an' hide 'n the barn,
 An' pay him fer tellin' us that yarn!"
 "Agreed!" Through the orchard they creep back,
 Along by the fences, behind the stack,
 And one by one, through a hole in the wall,
 In under the dusty barn they crawl,
 Dressed in their Sunday garments all;
 And a very astonishing sight was that
 When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat
 Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.
 And there they hid;
 And Reuben slid
 The fastenings back, and the door undid.
 "Keep dark!" said he,
 "While I squint an' see what the' is to see."

 "Hush!" Reuben said,
 "He's up in the shed!
 He's opened the winder, — I see his head!
 He stretches it out,
 An' pokes it about,
 Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear,
 An' nobody near; —
 Guess he don'o' who's hid in here!
 He's riggin' a spring-board over the sill!
 Stop laffin', Solomon! Burke, keep still!
 He's a climbin' out now — Of all the things!
 What's he got on? I van, it's wings!
 An' that 't other thing? I vum, it's a tail!
 An' there he sets like a hawk on a rail!

Steppin' careful, he travels the length
 Of his spring-board, and teeters to try its strength.
 Now he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat;
 Peeks over his shoulder, this way an' that,
 Fer to see 'f the 's any one passin' by;
 But the 's on'y a ca'f an' a goslin' nigh.
They turn up at him a wonderin' eye,
 To see — The dragon! he's goin' to fly!
 Away he goes! Jimminy! what a jump!
 Flop — flop — an' plump
 To the ground with a thump!
 Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin', all 'n a lump!"

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,
 Heels over head, to his proper sphere, —
 Heels over head, and head over heels,
 Dizzily down the abyss he wheels, —
 So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
 In the midst of the barnyard, he came down,
 In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
 Broken braces and broken springs,
 Broken tail and broken wings,
 Shooting-stars, and various things!
 Away with a bellow fled the calf,
 And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?
 'T is a merry roar
 From the old barn-door,
 And he hears the voice of Jotham crying,
 " Say, D'rius! how de yeou like flying?"

Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
 Darius just turned and looked that way,
 As he stanch'd his sorrowful nose with his cuff.
 " Wal, I like flyin' well enough,"

He said ; “ but the’ ain’t sich a thunderin’ sight
O’ fun in ’t when ye come to light.”

MORAL

I just have room for the moral here ;
And this is the moral, — Stick to your sphere.
Or if you insist, as you have the right,
On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
The moral is, — Take care how you light.

HOW "RUBY" PLAYED¹

ANONYMOUS

WELL, sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, catty-cornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it had n't been he 'd 'a' tore the entire insides clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

Played well? You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first set down, he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he had n't come. He tweedle-eedled a little on the treble, and twoodle-oodled some on the bass — just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, says I; "What sort of fool playin' is that?" And he says, "Heish!" But presently his hands commenced chasin' one another up and down the keys, like a passel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

"Now," I says to my neighbor, "he's showin' off. He thinks he's a-doin' of it, but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he 'd play me a tune of some kind or other I 'd —"

But my neighbor says, "Heish!" very impatient.

I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking

¹ Abridged.

up away off 'in the woods, and call sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and see that Rubin was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a leetle more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere.

And I says to my neighbor: "That's music, that is."

But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

Presently the wind turned; it begun to thicken up, and a kind of gray mist came over things; I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain begun to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl ear-rings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies.

Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could 'a' got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There was n't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I did n't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I could n't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my hand-

kerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep me from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway; I did n't want anybody to be a-gazin' at me a-sniv'lin', and it 's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It 's mine. But some several glared at me mad as blazes.

Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball all goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he give 'em no rest day or night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin', and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped spang onto my seat, and jest hollered, —

"Go it, my Rube!"

Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, "Put him out! put him out!"

"Put your great grandmother's grizzly gray greenish cat into the middle of next month!" I says. "Tech me if you dare! I paid my money and you jest come a-nigh me!"

With that some several policemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I would 'a' fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

He had changed his tune again. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church-bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit, one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. Then the music changed

to water, full of feeling that could n't be thought, and began to drop — drip, drop — drip, drop, clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory. I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin, he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, "Much obleeged, but I'd rather you would n't interrup' me."

He stopped a moment or two to ketch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat-tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapped her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks until she fairly yelled. He knocked her down and he stamped on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and then he would n't let her up. He run a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the bass, till he got clean in the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got way out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you could n't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em.

And then he would n't let the old pianner go. He fetched up his left wing, he fetched up his center, he fetched up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon — siege-guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder, big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, shrapnel, grape, canister, mortars, mines, and magazines — every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the

same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down ; — roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle — ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle — raddle-addle-addle-addle — riddle-iddie-iddie-iddie — reedle-eedle-eedle-eedle — p-r-r-r-r-lank ! Bang !!! lang ! per lang ! p-r-r-r-r-r !! Bang !!!

With that *bang* ! he lifted himself bodily into the a'r and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi quivers, and I know'd no mo'.

When I come to, I were underground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, treating a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to again. Day was breakin' by the time I got to my hotel, and I pledge you my word I did not know my name. The man asked me the number of my room, and I told him, "Hot music on the half-shell for two."

BROTHER BILLY GOAT EATS HIS DINNER¹

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

ONE Saturday afternoon, Uncle Remus was sitting in the door of his cabin enjoying the sunshine, while the little boy was mending, or trying to mend, a small wagon with which he had been playing. It was a half-holiday on the plantation, and there were several groups of negroes loitering about the quarters. Ordinarily the little boy would have been interested in their songs or in the drolleries that were passing from lip to lip, and from group to group; but now he was too busy with his broken wagon. The old man watched the child through half-closed eyes, and with a smile that was grim only in appearance. Finally, seeing that the little chap was growing impatient, Uncle Remus cried out with some asperity, —

“What you doin’ longer dat waggin? Gi’ me here! Fus’ news you know, you won’t have no waggin.”

The little boy carried it to the old man very readily.

“Sump’n the matter wid de runnin’ gear,” Uncle Remus remarked. “I dunner how come it got any runnin’ gear. If you had a i’on waggin, it would n’t las’ you twel ter-morrer night.”

Just at that moment, Big Sam happened to get into an angry dispute with Becky’s Bill. Big Sam was almost a giant, but Becky’s Bill had a free mind and a

¹ Abridged. From “Uncle Remus and the Little Boy.” By permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

loud tongue, and he made a great deal more noise than Sam. This seemed to irritate Uncle Remus.

"Hush up, you triflin' vilyun!" he said. "You talk bigger dan de Billy Goat did."

The allusion to the Billy Goat attracted the attention of the little boy. He felt sure there was a story somewhere behind it, and when Uncle Remus had finished his wagon, he began to investigate it.

"What did the Billy Goat talk about?" he asked.

"Go en break yo' waggin; you gwine ter break it anyhow, en you des ez well go now."

"I won't break it any more, Uncle Remus," said the little boy. "I'm going to grease it and put it away. What did the Billy Goat talk about?"

The shrewd youngster placed himself in the attitude of a listener and patiently waited. Uncle Remus watched him a moment. Then he shook his head and said resignedly, —

"You sho' does bang my time. You er wuss 'n Brer Rabbit."

The little boy blushed and smiled at this, for he regarded it as a high compliment.

"Yasser," Uncle Remus went on, "wuss 'n Brer Rabbit — lots wuss. Hen can't cackle widout you wanter see what kinder egg she lay; ole Brer Billy Goat can't take a chaw terbacker in jue season widout you want ter know what he talkin' 'bout. En ef dey is any tale 'bout Brer Billy Goat, 'tain't no good tale fer chilluns, kaze dey might take a notion dat big talk is de right kinder talk, en when dey take dat notion, somebody got ter frail 'em out wid a bresh broom."

The little boy said nothing, but sat listening.

"I mighty fear'd you 'll hatter skuzen me," Uncle

Remus remarked, after a pause. "Look like my "membunce wobblin' roun' like a hoss wid de blin' staggers. Yit, nigh ez I kin git at all de ins en outs er dish yer tale what we been talkin' 'bout, dey wuz one time when Brer Wolf wuz gwine lopin' roun' de settlement feelin' mighty hongry. He want some vittles fer hisse'f, en he want some fer his fambly, yit it seem like he can't fin' none nowhars. He talk wid Brer B'ar, en he hear tell dat shote meat mighty good, but he can't fin' no shote; he hear tell dat goat meat mighty good, but he can't fin' no goat.

"But bimeby, one day whiles he gwine 'long de road, he seed a big rock layin' in a fiel', en on top er dish yer rock wuz Brer Billy Goat. 'T wan't none er deze yer little bit er rocks; it 'uz mighty nigh ez big ez dish yer house, en ole Brer Billy Goat wuz a-standin' up dar kinder ruminatin' 'bout ol' times. Brer Wolf loped up, he did, en made ready fer ter see what kinder tas'e goat meat got. Yit he took notice dat Brer Billy Goat wuz chawin' away like he eatin' sump'n. Brer Wolf sorter wait a while, but Brer Billy Goat wuz constant a-chawin' en a-chawin'. Brer Wolf look en he look, but Brer Billy Goat keep on a-chawin' en a-chawin'.

"Brer Wolf look close. He ain't see no green grass, he ain't see no shucks, he ain't see no straw, he ain't see no leaf. Brer Billy Goat keep on a-chawin' en a-chawin'. Brer Wolf study, but he dunner what de name er goodness Brer Billy Goat kin be eatin' up dar. So bimeby he hail 'im.

"He 'low, sezee, 'Howdy, Brer Billy Goat, howdy. I hope you er middlin' peart deze hard times?'

"Brer Billy Goat shake his long beard en keep on a-chawin'.

“Brer Wolf ’low, sezee, ‘What you eatin’, Brer Billy Goat? Look like it tas’e mighty good.’

“Brer Billy Goat ’low, ‘I ’m a-eatin’ dish yer rock; dat what I ’m a-eatin’.’

“Brer Wolf make answer, ‘I ’m mighty hongry myself, — but I don’t speck I kin go dat.’

“Brer Billy Goat ’low, ‘Come up whar I is, en I ’ll break you off a hunk wid my horns.’

“Brer Wolf say, sezee, dat he mighty much erb-leege’ but he ’low ter hisse’f, ‘Ef Brer Billy Goat kin eat rock like dat, I speck I better go ’long en let ’im ’lone.’

“Brer Billy Goat holler at ’im en say, sezee, ‘Ef you can’t clime up Brer Wolf, I kin come down dar en help you up. De rock whar I is is mo’ fresher dan dat down dar. It’s some harder, but it’s lots mo’ fresher.’

“But Brer Wolf ain’t stop ter make answer. He des kep’ a-gwine. He tuck it in his head dat if Brer Billy Goat kin eat rock dat away, ’t won’t do ter fool ’lang wid ’im, kaze ef a creetur kin eat rock, he kin eat whatsomdever dey put ’fo’ im.”

“What was Brother Goat chewing?” asked the little boy.

“Nothin’ ’t all, honey. He wuz des chawin’ his cud en talkin’ big, en I done seed lots er folks do dat away — niggers well ez white folks.”

WHEN MALINDY SINGS

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

G' way an' quit dat noise, Miss Lucy —
Put dat music book away ;
What 's de use to keep on tryin' ?
Ef you practice twell you 're gray,
You cain't sta't no notes a-flyin'
Lak de ones dat rants and rings
F'om de kitchen to de big woods
When Malindy sings.

You ain't got de nachel o'gans
Fu' to make de soun' come right,
You ain't got de tunes an' twistin's
Fu' to make it sweet an' light.
Tell you one thing now, Miss Lucy,
An' I 'm tellin' you fu' true,
When hit comes to raal right singin'
'Tain't no easy thing to do.

Easy 'nough fu' folks to hollah,
Lookin' at de lines an' dots,
When dey ain't no one kin sense it,
An' de chune comes in, in spots ;
But fu' real melojous music,
Dat jes' strikes yo' hea't and clings,
Jes' you stan' an' listen wif me
When Malindy sings.

¹ From "Lyrics of Lowly Life." Copyrighted 1896. By permission of the publishers, Dodd, Mead & Company, N.Y.

Ain't you nevah hyeahd Malindy?
Blessed soul, tek up de cross!
Look hyeah, ain't you jokin', honey?
Well, you don't know what you los'.
Y' ought to hyeah dat gal a-wa'blin',
Robins, la'ks, an' all dem things,
Hush dey moufs an' hides dey faces
When Malindy sings.

Fiddlin' man jes' stop his fiddlin',
Lay his fiddle on de she'f;
Mockin' bird quit tryin' to whistle,
'Cause he jes' so shamed hisse'f.
Folks a-playin' on de banjo
Draps dey fingahs on de strings —
Bless yo' soul — fu'gits to move 'em,
When Malindy sings.

She jes' spreads huh mouf and hollaahs,
"Come to Jesus," twell you hyeah
Sinnahs' tremblin' steps an' voices,
Timid-lak, a-drawin' neah;
Den she tu'ns to "Rock of Ages,"
Simply to de cross she clings,
An' you fin' yo' teahs a-drappin'
When Malindy sings.

Who dat says dat humble praises
Wif de Master nevah counts?
Hush yo' mouf, I hyeah dat music,
Ez hit rises up an' mounts —
Floatin' by de hills an' valleys,
Way above dis buryin' sod,
Ez hit makes its way to glory
To de very gates of God.

Oh, hit's sweetah dan de music
Of an edicated band;
An' it's dearah dan de battle's
Song o' triumph in de lan'.
It seems holier dan evenin'
When the solemn chu'ch-bell rings,
Ez I sit an' calmly listen
While Malindy sings.

Towsah, stop dat ba'kin', hyeah me!
Mandy, mek' dat chile keep still;
Don't you hyeah de echoes callin',
F'om de valley to de hill?
Let me listen, I can hyeah it,
Th'oo de bresh of angel's wings,
Sof' an' sweet, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,"
Ez Malindy sings.

"TOMMY" ¹

RUDYARD KIPLING

I WENT into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer ;
The publican 'e up an' sez, " We serve no redcoats
here."

The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit
to die ;

I outs into the street again, an' to myself sez I : —

O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' " Tommy,
go away " ;

But it's " Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the
band begins to play.

The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins
to play,

O it's " Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band
begins to play.

I went into a theater as sober as could be,
They give a drunk civilian room, but 'ad n't none for
me ;

They sent me to the gallery, or round the music-'alls,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord, they'll shove me
in the stalls.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' " Tommy,
wait outside " ;

But it's " Special train for Atkins," when the troop-
er's on the tide.

The troopship's on the tide, my boys, etc.

¹ In " Barrack-Room Ballads." Published by the Lovell Co., N.Y.
By courtesy of John W. Lovell.

O makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you
sleep

Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they 're starvation
cheap;

An' hustlin' drunken sodgers when they 're goin' large
a bit

Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.

Then it 's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
"Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?"

But it 's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums
begin to roll,

The drums begin to roll, my boys, etc.

We are n't no thin red 'eroes, nor we are n't no
blackguards too,

But single men in barricks, most remarkable like
you;

An' if sometimes our conduck is n't all your fancy
paints,

Why single men in barricks don't grow into plaster
saints.

While it 's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
"Tommy, fall be'ind";

But it 's "Please to walk in front, sir," when
there's trouble in the wind,

There's trouble in the wind, my boys, etc.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires,
an' all;

We 'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.

Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to
our face,

The Widow's uniform is not the soldier-man's dis-
grace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck
him out, the brute!"

But it's "Saviour of 'is country," when the guns
begin to shoot.

An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything
you please;

An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool — you bet that
Tommy sees!

GUNGA DIN ¹

RUDYARD KIPLING

You may talk o' gin an' beer
When you 're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it ;
But if it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you 'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that 's
got it.

Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them black-faced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.

It was " Din ! Din ! Din !
You limping lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din !
Hi ! slippery hitherao !
Water, get it ! Panee lao !
You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din ! "

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
For a twisty piece o' rag
An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.

¹ From " Barrack-Room Ballads." Published by the Lovell Co.,
N.Y. By courtesy of John W. Lovell.

When the sweatin' troop-train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows
crawl,
We shouted, "Harry By!"
Till our throats were bricky-dry,
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e could n't serve us
all.

It was "Din! Din! Din!"
You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?
You put some juldee in it,
Or I'll marrow you this minute
If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one
Till the longest day was done,
An' 'e did n't seem to know the use o' fear.
If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.
With 'is mussick on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire."
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside,
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!

It was "Din! Din! Din!"
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green.
When the cartridges ran out,
You could 'ear the front-files shout:
"Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

I sha'n't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.

I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.
'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' 'e plugged me where I bled,
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water — green ;
It was crawlin' and it stunk,
But of all the drinks I 've drunk,
I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.

It was "Din! Din! Din!

'Ere 's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen ;
'E's chawin' up the ground an' 'e's kickin' all
around :

For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din ! "

'E carried me away
To where a dooli lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.
'E put me safe inside,
An, just before 'e died,
" I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga Din.
So I 'll meet 'im later on
In the place where 'e is gone —
Where it's always double drill and no canteen ;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drink to pore damned souls,
An' I 'll get a swig in Hell from Gunga Din !

Din ! Din ! Din !

You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din !

Tho' I 've belted you an' flayed you,

By the livin' Gawd that made you,

You 're a better man than I am, Gunga Din !

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA¹

ELBERT HUBBARD

WHEN war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba — no one knew where. No mail nor telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his coöperation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia.

How the "fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oil-skin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia — are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?"

By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in

¹ (Abridged.) By permission of Elbert Hubbard II, Successor to Elbert Hubbard as Head of the Roycrofters.

every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebræ which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies; do the thing — “Carry a message to Garcia.”

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man, who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man — the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule.

You, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office — six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: “Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Corregio.”

Will the clerk quietly say, “Yes, sir,” and go do the task?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that, after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia — and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average I will not.

Now if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Corregio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself. And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift — these are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "down-trodden denizen of the sweat-shop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowzy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving after "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned.

In our pitying, let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude, which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds — the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner-pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, *per se*, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man, who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town, and village — in every office, shop, store, and factory. The world cries out for such: he is needed, and needed badly — the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

DREAMERS¹

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

IT is the fate of those who stand in a position of leadership to receive credit which really belongs to their co-workers. Even the enemies of a public man exaggerate the importance of his work without, of course, intending it. I have recently been a victim of this exaggeration. Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, made a speech before the Republican Club of Lincoln, and in it he paid me some compliments ; but he said that I was merely a dreamer while President Roosevelt did things. I did not pay much attention to the title which he gave me until I read shortly afterwards that Speaker Cannon called me a dreamer ; then Governor Cummins called me a dreamer, and then Governor Hanley, of Indiana, did also ; and I saw that I could not expect acquittal with four such witnesses against me, and so I decided to plead guilty and justify.

I went to the Bible for authority, as I am in the habit of doing, for I have never found any other book which contains so much of truth, or in which truth is so well expressed ; and then, too, there is another reason why I quote Scripture : When I quote Democratic authority, the Republicans attack my authority and they keep me so busy defending the men from whom I quote that I do not have time to do the work

¹ From a speech delivered at Lincoln, Nebraska, in November, 1906.

I want to do; but when I quote Scripture and they attack my authority, I can let them fight it out with the Bible while I go on about my business.

The Bible tells of dreamers, and among the most conspicuous was Joseph. He told his dreams to his brothers, and his brothers hated him because of his dreams. And one day when his father sent him out where his brothers were keeping their flocks in Dothan, they saw him coming afar off and said: "Behold, the dreamer cometh." They plotted to kill him — and he is not the only dreamer who has been plotted against in this old world. But finally they decided that instead of killing him they would put him down in a pit; but some merchants passing that way, the brothers decided to sell him to the merchants, and the merchants carried Joseph down into Egypt. The brothers deceived their father and made him think the wild beasts had devoured his son.

Time went on and the brothers had almost forgotten the dreamer Joseph. But a famine came, — yes, a famine, — and then they had to go down into Egypt and buy corn, and when they got there, they found the dreamer — and he had the corn. So I decided that it was not so bad after all for one to be a dreamer — if one has the corn.

But the more I thought of the dreamer's place in history, the less I felt entitled to the distinction. John Boyle O'Reilly says that

The dreamer lives forever,
While the toiler dies in a day.

And is it not true?

In traveling through Europe you find great cathedrals, and back of each there was a dreamer. An

architect had a vision of a temple of worship and he put that vision upon paper. Then the builders began, and they laid stone upon stone and brick upon brick, until finally the temple was completed — completed sometimes centuries after the dreamer's death. And people now travel from all corners of the world to look upon the temple, and the name of the dreamer is known while the names of the toilers are forgotten.

No, I cannot claim a place among the dreamers, but there has been a great dreamer in the realm of statesmanship — Thomas Jefferson. He saw a people bowed beneath oppression and he had a vision of a self-governing nation, in which every citizen would be a sovereign. He put his vision upon paper, and for more than a century multitudes have been building. They are building at this temple in every nation; some day it will be completed and then the people of all the world will find protection beneath its roof and security within its walls. I shall be content if, when my days are numbered, it can be truthfully said of me that with such ability as I possessed, and whenever opportunity offered, I labored faithfully with the multitude to build this building higher in my time.

and
more content
in this!

LASCA

F. DESPREZ

I WANT free life, and I want fresh air ;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in a battle,
The mellay of horns and hoofs and heads
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads ;
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love.
And Lasca !

Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang close to my side,
With blue *serape* and bright-belled spur ;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her.
Little knew she of books or of creeds ;
An *Ave Maria* sufficed her needs ;
Little she cared, save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow ;
From her little head to her little feet
She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro
By each gust of passion ; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet ;

But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,
One Sunday in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And — sting of a wasp! — it made me stagger!
An inch to the left, or an inch to the right,
And I should n't be maundering here to-night;
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn *rebosa* about the wound,
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown — a deep, deep brown —

Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of old Spain.
She was alive in every limb

With feeling, to the finger-tips;
And when the sun is like a fire,
And sky one shining, soft sapphire,
One does not drink in little sips.

.
The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side, and forgot — forgot
The herd that were taking their rest,
Forgot that the air was close oppressed,
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of night, or the blaze of noon —
That once let the herd at its breath take fright,
Nothing on earth can stop the flight;

And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!

.

Was that thunder? I grasped the cord
Of my swift mustang without a word.
I sprang to the saddle, and she clung behind.
Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was fox-hunt half so hard
And never was steed so little spared;
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we
fared

In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have but one.
Halt! jump to the ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
And if the steers in their frantic course
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your star; if not, good-bye
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande!

The cattle gained on us, and, just as I felt
For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and — what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were pressed;
Then came thunder in my ears,
As over us surged the sea of steers,

Blows that beat blood into my eyes ;
And when I could rise —
Lasca was dead !

.
I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep ;
And there she is lying, and no one knows,
And the summer shines and the winter snows ;
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head ;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyote trots here and there,
And the black snake glides and glitters and slides
 Into a rift in a cotton-wood tree ;
And the buzzard sails on,
And comes and is gone,
 Stately and still like a ship at sea ;
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are like the things that were.
Does half my heart lie buried there
 In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

MOTHER AND POET¹

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

TURIN, AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA, 1861.

I

DEAD! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at *me*!

II

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said;
But *this* woman, *this*, who is agonized here,
— The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
For ever instead.

III

What art can a woman be good at? Oh, vain!
What art *is* she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the
pain?
Ah boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you
pressed,
And I proud, by that test.

¹ The mother was Laura Savio of Turin, both poet and patriot, whose two sons were killed at Ancona and Gaeta.

IV

What art's for a woman? To hold on her knees
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her
throat,
Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little coat;
To dream and to doat.

V

To teach them . . . It stings there! *I* made them in-
deed
Speak plain the word *country*. *I* taught them, no
doubt,
That a country's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant cast out.

VI

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my beautiful
eyes! . . .
I exulted; nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise
When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps, then
one kneels!
God, how the house feels!

VII

At first, happy news came, in gay letters moiled
With my kisses, — of camp-life and glory, and how
They both loved me; and, soon coming home to be
spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel-bough.

VIII

Then was triumph at Turin : " Ancona was free ! "

And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.

My Guido was dead ! I fell down at his feet,
While they cheered in the street.

IX

I bore it ; friends soothed me ; my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained

To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time

When the first grew immortal, while both of us
strained

To the height he had gained.

X

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,

Writ now but in one hand, " I was not to faint, —

One loved me for two — would be with me ere long :

And *Viva l' Italia !* — he died for, our saint,

Who forbids our complaint."

XI

My Nanni would add, " he was safe, and aware

Of a presence that turned off the balls, — was
imprest

It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,

And how 't was impossible, quite dispossessed

To live on for the rest."

XII

On which, without pause, up the telegraph-line

Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta : — *Shot.*

Tell his mother. Ah, ah, "his," "their" mother, —
not "mine,"

No voice says "*My* mother" again to me. What!
You think Guido forgot?

XIII

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with Heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through THAT Love and Sorrow which reconciled so
The Above and Below.

XIV

O Christ of the five wounds, who look'dst through the
dark

To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned
away,
And no last word to say!

XV

Both boys dead? but that's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always
keep one.

'T were imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall;
And, when Italy's made, for what end is it done
If we have not a son?

XVI

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?

When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her
sport
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?

When the guns of Cavalli with final retort
Have cut the game short ?

XVII

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its white,
green, and red,
When *you* have your country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
(And *I* have my Dead) —

XVIII

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells
low,
And burn your lights faintly! *My* country is *there*,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow:
My Italy's *THERE*, with my brave civic Pair,
To disfranchise despair!

XIX

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn;
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into wail such as this — and we sit on forlorn
When the man-child is born.

XX

Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Both! both my boys! If in keeping the feast
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at *me*!

INVECTIVE AGAINST NAPOLEON THE LITTLE¹

VICTOR HUGO

LOUIS BONAPARTE will never be other than the pygmy tyrant of a great people. As dictator, he is a buffoon ; let him make himself emperor, he will be grotesque ; his present prosperity, his triumph, his empire, and his inflation amount to nothing. Napoleon the Little, nothing more, nothing less.

And such is the man by whom France is governed ! governed, do I say ? possessed rather in full sovereignty.

And every day, and every moment, by his decrees, by his messages, by his harangues, by all these unprecedented imbecilities which he parades in the " *Moniteur*," this *émigré*, so ignorant of France, gives lessons to France ! and this knave tells France that he has saved her ! From whom ? From herself. Before he came, Providence did nothing but absurdities ; God waited for him to put everything in order ; and at length he came. For the last thirty-six years poor France has been afflicted with all sorts of pernicious things : that "sonority," the tribune ; that hubbub, the press ; that insolence, thought ; that crying abuse, liberty : he came, and for the tribune, he substituted the Senate ; for the press, the censorship ; for thought,

¹ Arranged from "Napoleon the Little." Translated from the French by George Burnham Ives. By permission of the publishers, Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

imbecility ; for liberty, the sabre ; and by the sabre, the censorship, imbecility, and the Senate, France is saved ! Saved ! bravo ! and from whom, I ask again ? From herself. For what was France before, if you please ? a horde of pillagers, robbers, anarchists, assassins, demagogues ! It was necessary to put fetters on this abominable villain, this France, and it was M. Bonaparte Louis who applied the fetters. Now France is in prison, on bread and water, punished, humiliated, throttled, and well-guarded ; be tranquil, everybody ; *Sieur Bonaparte*, gendarme at the *Élysée*, answers for her to Europe ; this miserable France is in her strait-waistcoat, and if she stirs ! —

Ah ! what spectacle is this ? What dream is this ? What nightmare is this ? On the one hand, a nation, first among nations, and on the other, a man, last among men — and see what that man does to that nation ! God save the mark ! He tramples her under foot, he laughs at her to her face, he flouts her, he denies her, he insults her, he scoffs at her ! How now ! He says, there is none but I ! What ! in this land of France, where no man's ears may be boxed with impunity, one may box the ears of the whole people ! Oh ! abominable shame ! Each time that M. Bonaparte spits, every one must needs wipe his face ! And this can last ! And you tell me that it will last ! No ! No ! No ! By all the blood we have in our veins, no ! this shall not last. Were it to last, it must be that there is no God in heaven, or no longer a France on earth !

O my country ! I see you bleeding, inanimate, your head hanging, your eyes closed, the marks of the whip upon your shoulders.

And it is this Bonaparte who has caused all this ! And it is in the midst of the greatest century of

all history, that this man has suddenly risen and has triumphed ! To seize upon France as his prey, great Heaven ! What the lion would not dare to do, the ape has done ! what the eagle would have dreaded to seize in his talons, the parrot has taken in his claws. What ! the most brilliant concourse of men ! the most magnificent movement of ideas ! the most formidable sequence of events ! a thing that no Titan could have controlled, that no Hercules could have turned aside, — the human flood in full course, the French wave sweeping onward, civilization, progress, intelligence, revolution, liberty, — he stopped it all one fine morning, stopped it short, he, this mask, this dwarf, this aborted Tiberius, this nothing !

God was advancing. Louis Bonaparte, his plume on his head, blocked his path and said to God : “ Thou shalt go no farther ! ” God halted.

And you fancy that this is so !

You do not see, then, that all this is a chimera ! you do not see that the 2nd of December is nothing but an immense illusion, a pause, a breathing-space, a sort of drop-curtain behind which moves God, that marvelous scene-shifter ! You gaze stupidly at the curtain, at the things painted on the coarse canvas, and you take them all for realities ! And you do not hear beyond them, in the shadow, that hollow sound ! you do not hear some one going and coming ! you do not see that curtain quiver in the breath of Him who is behind, preparing and constructing the last act, the supreme, triumphal act of the French Revolution.

THE PATH OF DUTY¹

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR

IN a recent speech ex-Congressman Quigg made this statement, referring to me : —

“ What he wants us to do I can define in no other words than these : He wants us to skulk from our duty.”

I wish to put against this statement my emphatic denial. What I wanted the American people to do in the beginning, what I have wanted them to do all along, what I want them to do now is to do in the Philippines exactly what we have done, are doing, and expect to do in Cuba. . . . We have liberated both from Spain, and we have had no thought — at least I have had no thought — of giving either back to Spain.

I should as soon give back a redeemed soul to Satan as give back the people of the Philippine Islands to the cruelty and tyranny of Spain. . . . Having delivered them from Spain, we were bound in all honor to protect their newly acquired liberty against the ambition or greed of any other nation on earth. And we were equally bound to protect them against our own. We were bound to stand by them, a defender and protector, until their new governments were established in freedom and in honor ; until they had made treaties with the powers of the earth and were as secure in

¹ From an open letter published in the daily papers of Boston, January 10, 1900.

their national independence as Switzerland is secure, as Denmark is secure, as San Domingo or Venezuela is secure.

Now, if this be a policy of skulking from duty, I fail to see it. . . .

We based our policy in regard to Cuba, did we not, on the ground that it was the policy of righteousness and liberty? We did not tempt the cupidity of any millionaire, or even the honest desire for employment of any workman, by the argument that if we reduced the people of Cuba to our dominion, we could make money out of her and she could not help herself. In those days we were appealing to the great, noble heart of America, and not to the breeches-pocket. . . .

If we were bound in honor and in righteousness; bound by the history of our own past; bound by the principles and pledges of our people, to abstain from depriving Cuba of the liberty we had given her because it was right, we are, in my judgment, all the more bound to abstain from depriving the people of the Philippine Islands of their liberties because it is right. . . .

I would send General Wood or General Miles or Admiral Dewey to Luzon. I would have him gather about him a cabinet of the best men among the Filipinos who have the confidence of the people and desire nothing but their welfare. In all provinces and municipalities where civil government is now established possessing the confidence of the people, I would consult with their rulers and representatives. I would lend the aid of the army of the United States only to keep order. I would permit the people to make laws and to administer laws, subject to some supervision or inspection, till the disturbed times are over and peace

has settled down again upon that country, insuring the security of the people against avarice, ambition, or speculation.

So soon as it seems that government can maintain itself peacefully and in order, I would by degrees withdraw the authority of the United States, making a treaty with them that we would protect them against the cupidity of any other nation and would lend our aid for a reasonable time to maintain order and law. I would not hesitate, if it were needful, although I have not the slightest belief that it would be needful, to vote to make them a loan of a moderate sum to replenish their wasted treasury.

Now if this be skulking, if this be ignoble, if this be unworthy of an American citizen or a Massachusetts Senator, then I must plead guilty to Mr. Quigg's charge. But these are the things I would have done, and this is the thing I would do now. If this counsel had been followed, not a man would have died on either side; not a drop of blood would have been spilt; not a recruit would have been needed by army or navy since the day when Manila capitulated to Otis. . . .

I do not know what other men may think, or what other men may say. But there is not a drop of blood in my veins, there is not a feeling in my heart that does not respect a weak people struggling with a strong one. . . .

When Patrick Henry was making his great speech in the State House at Williamsburg for the same cause for which the Filipinos are now dying, he was interrupted by somebody with a shout of "Treason!" He finished his sentence, and replied, as every schoolboy knows: "If this be treason, make the most of it." I am unworthy to loose the latchet of the shoes of Pat-

rick Henry. But I claim to love human liberty as well as he did, and I believe the love of human liberty will never be held to be treason by Massachusetts.

There were five of my name and blood who stood in arms at Concord Bridge in the morning of the Revolution, on the 19th of April, 1775. My grandfather stood with John Adams and Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin when they presented to the Continental Congress that great paper, the bringing in of which was the foremost action of human history, which declares that the just powers of government rest upon the consent of the people, and that when a people desires it, the laws of nature and the laws of God entitle them to take a separate and equal station among the nations of the earth. . . .

I have no right to feel any peculiar pride in the action of any ancestor of my own in those great days which tried men's souls, and when all true Americans thought in that way, although I should be disgraced, and ought to hide my head from the gaze of men, if I were to depart from those principles. But I have a right to feel a just pride in, and to boast of something much higher than any personal kindred. I am a son of Massachusetts. For more than three-score years and ten I have sat at her dear feet. I have seen the light from her beautiful eyes. I have heard high counsel from her lips. She has taught me to love liberty, to stand by the weak against the strong, when the rights of the weak are in peril; she has led me to believe that if I do this, however humbly, however imperfectly, and whatever other men may say, I shall have her approbation, and shall be deemed not unworthy of her love. Other men will do as they please. But as for me, God helping me, I can do no otherwise.

THE SOLUTION OF THE SOUTHERN PROBLEM¹

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

A SHIP lost at sea for many days suddenly sighted a friendly vessel. From the mast of the unfortunate vessel was seen the signal: "Water, water; we die of thirst!" The answer from the friendly vessel at once came back: "Cast down your bucket where you are." A second and a third time the signal, "Water, water; send us water!" ran up from the distressed vessel, and was answered: "Cast down your bucket where you are." . . . The captain of the distressed vessel, at last heeding the injunction, cast down his bucket, and it came up full of fresh, sparkling water from the mouth of the Amazon River. To those of my race who depend on bettering their condition in a foreign land, or who underestimate the importance of cultivating friendly relations with the Southern white man, who is their next-door neighbor, I would say: "Cast down your bucket where you are — cast it down in making friends in every manly way of the people of all races by whom we are surrounded."

Cast it down in agriculture, in mechanics, in commerce, in domestic service, and in the professions. . . .

Our greatest danger is, that in the great leap from slavery to freedom we may overlook the fact that the masses of us are to live by the productions of our

¹ From an address delivered at the opening of the Atlanta Exposition, September, 1895.

hands, and fail to keep in mind that we shall prosper in proportion as we learn to dignify and glorify common labor and put brains and skill into the common occupations of life ; shall prosper in proportion as we learn to draw the line between the superficial and the substantial, the ornamental gewgaws of life and the useful. No race can prosper till it learns that there is as much dignity in tilling a field as in writing a poem. It is at the bottom of life we must begin, and not at the top. Nor should we permit our grievances to overshadow our opportunities.

To those of the white race who look to the incoming of those of foreign birth and strange tongue and habits for the prosperity of the South, were I permitted I would repeat what I say to my own race, "Cast down your bucket where you are." Cast it down among the eight million negroes whose habits you know, whose fidelity and love you have tested in days when to have proved treacherous meant the ruin of your firesides. Cast down your bucket among these people who have, without strikes and labor wars, tilled your fields, cleared your forests, builded your railroads and cities, and brought forth treasures from the bowels of the earth, and helped make possible this magnificent representation of the progress of the South. Casting down your bucket among my people, helping and encouraging them to education of head, hand, and heart, you will find that they will buy your surplus land, make blossom the waste places in your fields, and run your factories. While doing this, you can be sure in the future, as in the past, that you and your families will be surrounded by the most patient, faithful, law-abiding and unresentful people that the world has seen. As we have proved our loy-

alty to you in the past, in nursing your children, watching by the sick-bed of your mothers and fathers, and often following them with tear-dimmed eyes to their graves, so in the future, in our humble way, we shall stand by you with a devotion that no foreigner can approach, ready to lay down our lives, if need be, in defense of yours, interlacing our industrial, commercial, civil, and religious life with yours in a way that shall make the interests one. . . .

There is no defense or security for any of us except in the highest intelligence and development of all. If anywhere there are efforts tending to curtail the fullest growth of the Negro, let these efforts be turned into stimulating him, encouraging him, and making him the most useful and intelligent citizen. Effort or means so invested will pay a thousand per cent interest. These efforts will be twice blessed — “Blessing him that gives and him that takes.” There is no escape through law of man or God from the inevitable: —

“The laws of changeless justice bind,
Oppressor with oppressed;
And close as sin and suffering joined,
We march to fate abreast.”

Nearly sixteen millions of hands will aid you in pulling the load upwards, or they will pull against you the load downwards. We shall constitute one third and more of the ignorance and crime of the South or one third of its intelligence and progress; we shall contribute one third to the business and industrial prosperity of the South, or we shall prove a veritable body of death, stagnating, depressing, retarding every effort to advance the body politic.

And here, bending, as it were, over the altar that

represents the results of the struggles of your race and mine, both starting practically empty-handed three decades ago, I pledge that in your effort to work out the great and intricate problem which God has laid at the doors of the South you shall have at all times the patient, sympathetic help of my race; only let this be constantly in mind: that, while from representations in these buildings of the product of field, of forest, of mine, of factory, of letters and art, much good will come, yet far above and beyond material benefits will be that higher good which, let us pray God, will come in a blotting out of sectional differences and racial animosities and suspicions, in a determination to administer absolute justice, in a willing obedience among all classes to the mandates of the law. This, this, coupled with our material prosperity, will bring into our beloved South a new heaven and a new earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN¹

HENRY WATTERSON

AMID the noise and confusion, the clashing of intellects, and the booming of the big oratorical guns of the North and the South, there came one day into the Northern camp one of the oddest figures imaginable, a man who, pausing to utter a single sentence that might be heard above the din, passed on and for a moment disappeared. The man bore a commission from God on high! He said: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half free and half slave. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided." He was Abraham Lincoln.

And who was this peculiar being, destined so profoundly to affect the future of human-kind?

He was, himself, a Southern man. He and all his tribe were Southerners. Although he left Kentucky when but a child, he was an old child; he never was very young; and he grew to manhood in a Kentucky colony; for what was Illinois in those days but a Kentucky colony? He was in no sense what we in the South used to call "a poor white." Awkward, perhaps; ungainly, perhaps, but aspiring; the spirit of a hero beneath that rugged exterior; the soul of a prose-poet behind those heavy brows; the courage of a lion

¹ Arranged from "Compromises of Life, Lectures and Addresses." Copyright, 1906, by Duffield & Co., Publishers, N.Y.

back of those patient, kindly aspects ; and, before he was of legal age, a leader of men.

We know that he was a prose-poet ; for have we not that immortal prose-poem recited at Gettysburg ? We know that he was a statesman ; for has not time vindicated his conclusions ? But the South does not know, except as a kind of hearsay, that he was a friend — the sole friend who had the power and the will to save it from itself. The direst blow that could have been laid upon the prostrate South was delivered by the assassin's bullet that struck him down.

It was the will of God that there should be, as God's own prophet had promised, "a new birth of freedom," and this could be reached only by the obliteration of the very idea of slavery. God struck Lincoln down in the moment of his triumph, to attain it ; He blighted the South to attain it. But let no Southern man point finger at me because I canonize Abraham Lincoln, for he was the one friend we had at court when friends were most in need ; he was the one man in power who wanted to preserve us intact, to save us from the wolves of passion and plunder that stood at our door ; and as that God, of whom it has been said that "whom He loveth He chasteneth," meant that the South should be chastened, Lincoln was put out of the way by the bullet of an assassin.

And what was the mysterious power of this mysterious man, and whence ?

He was the genius of common sense ; of common sense in action ; of common sense in thought ; of common sense enriched by experience and unhindered by fear. "He was a common man," says his friend, Joshua Speed, "expanded into giant proportions ; well acquainted with the people, he placed his hand on the

beating pulse of the nation, judged of its disease, and was ready with a remedy." Inspired he was truly, as Shakespeare was inspired; as Mozart was inspired; as Burns was inspired; each, like him, sprung directly from the people.

I look into the crystal globe that, slowly turning, tells the story of his life, and I see a little heart-broken boy, weeping by the outstretched form of a dead mother, then bravely, nobly trudging a hundred miles to obtain her Christian burial. I see this motherless lad growing to manhood amid scenes that seem to lead to nothing but abasement: no teachers; no books; no chart, except his own untutored mind; no compass, except his own undisciplined will; no light, save light from Heaven; yet, like the caravel of Columbus, struggling on and on through the trough of the sea, always toward the destined land. I see the full-grown man, stalwart and brave, an athlete in activity of movement and strength of limb, yet vexed by weird dreams and visions; of life, of love, of religion, sometimes verging on despair. I see the mind, grown at length as robust as the body, throw off these phantoms of the imagination and give itself wholly to the work-a-day uses of the world; the rearing of children; the earning of bread; the multiplied duties of life. I see the party leader, self-confident in conscious rectitude; original, because it was not his nature to follow; potent, because he was fearless, pursuing his convictions with earnest zeal, and urging them upon his fellows with the resources of an oratory which was hardly more impressive than it was many-sided. I see him, the preferred among his fellows, ascend the eminence reserved for him, and him alone of all the statesmen of the time, amid the derision of opponents and the dis-

trust of supporters, yet unawed and unmoved, because thoroughly equipped to meet the emergency. The same being, from first to last ; the poor child weeping over a dead mother ; the great chief sobbing amid the cruel horrors of war ; flinching never from duty, nor changing his life-long ways of dealing with the stern realities which pressed upon him and hurried him onward. And, last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history, I see him lying dead there in the Capitol of the nation, to which he had rendered "the last, full measure of his devotion," the flag of his country around him, the world in mourning, and, asking myself how could any man have hated that man, I ask you, how can any man refuse his homage to his memory ? Surely, he was one of God's own ; not in any sense a creature of circumstance, or accident.

From Cæsar to Bismarck and Gladstone the world has had its statesmen and its soldiers — men who rose from obscurity to eminence and power, step by step, through a series of geometric progression as it were, each advancement following in regular order one after the other, the whole obedient to well-established and well-understood laws of cause and effect. They were not what we call "men of destiny." They were men whose careers had a beginning, a middle, and an end, rounding off lives with histories, full it may be of interesting, and exciting events, but comprehensive and comprehensible — simple, clear, complete.

The inspired ones are fewer. Whence their emanation, where and how they got their power, by what rule they lived, moved, and had their being, we know not. There is no explication to their lives. They rose from shadow and they went in mist. We see them, feel them, but we know them not. They came, God's

word upon their lips ; they did their office, God's mantle about them ; and they vanished, God's holy light between the world and them, leaving behind a memory, half mortal and half myth. From first to last they were the creations of some special Providence, baffling the wit of man to fathom, defeating the machinations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, until their work was done, then passing from the scene as mysteriously as they had come upon it.

Tried by this standard, where shall we find an example so impressive as Abraham Lincoln, whose career might be chanted by a Greek chorus as at once the prelude and the epilogue of the most imperial theme of modern times ?

Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel ; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surrounding ; without graces, actual or acquired ; without name or fame or official training ; it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a nation.

The great leaders of his party, the most experienced and accomplished public men of the day, were made to stand aside ; were sent to the rear, while this fantastic figure was led by unseen hands to the front and given the reins of power. That, during four years, carrying with them such a weight of responsibility as the world never witnessed before, he filled the vast space allotted him in the eyes and actions of mankind, is to say that he was inspired of God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the wisdom and the virtue.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius ? Where did Mozart get his music ? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish ploughman, and stayed the life of the

German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling than that which tells the story of his life and death.

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